

EXPOSE:

HOW WOMEN ARE MAKING YOU A SEX ZOMBIE

REAL

JULY 50c MAC

COMBAT STORIES

**MY WILD ESCAPE FROM THE
HAREM OF 1,000 DELIGHTS**

**SPECIAL REPORT:
I WORK AMERICA'S
HOTTEST LUST BELT**



**JUNGLE
KILLERS-
3,000
SPECIALISTS IN THE
"GREEN HELL"
WAR**

NEW!—An entirely New "SCIENCE WEAPON"—(Proven by thousands) to help a guy with a pot belly lose **IN** to 3 1/4 inches and give him a sleek, sexy waist—Or to help a chubby fellow lose up to 17 pounds—**ALL IN JUST 14 DAYS** with the New **SLIM GARD** and **SLIMMER'S KIT**! We wanted more proof of this amazing fast-working plan so we conducted a controlled test at a leading university. The students reported waist losses of up to 3.25 inches and overall fat losses of up to 17 pounds—**IN ONLY 2 WEEKS**! Results came so fast with our "Slimmer's Kit" that the students called it a "small miracle".

Forget vibrators, electronic machines, rubber or weighted belts, pills, crash diets or other gimmicks—the government claims such devices, by themselves, are practically useless for slimming and shaping.

The Slimmer Kit is a guaranteed, simple 3-part program that really works. It takes only 15 minutes a day for 14 days to help create a more exciting and sexier-looking you! So if you are serious about trying our foolproof way of slimming down and shaping up, we're ready to send the whole "Slimmer's Kit" for you to try out—secretly and privately—for 14 days... and on my Money-Back Guarantee offer. So let's get started, Tiger... you have nothing to lose but a flabby waist or a full body!

1 THE "SLIM GARD"

The Instant Slimmer—Trims inches off your waist, hips and lower back—without dieting. Slip on **SLIM GARD**—the entirely new "science weapon" that when used with the **SLIMMER'S** routine will take up to 3.25 inches off your waist in only 2 weeks—and keep it off. So, go on—slip on **SLIM GARD** the Instant Slimmer. Then, take it easy, for while you're sitting around, watching TV, relaxing or eating, you wait, hips and small-of-the-back are getting an effortless "going over" that takes inches off your soft belly without your even knowing it! It hugs your body gently but firmly, keeping warm air in—cool air out—trimming inches effortlessly away!

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I GUARANTEE YOU A WAIST LOSS OF UP TO 3.25" A WAIST LOSS OF UP TO 17 POUNDS—IN THE NEXT 14 DAYS—OR IT COSTS YOU NOTHING—FAIR!

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

My entirely New "SCIENCE WEAPON" and the **SLIMMER'S** Formula really works! That's why I can guarantee these results. I have tested it over 2 years with astonishing results and just recently a CONTROLLED TEST WAS CONDUCTED AT A LEADING UNIVERSITY AND AS MENTIONED BEFORE, THE STUDENTS REPORTED WAIST LOSSES OF UP TO 3.25 INCHES AND OVERALL FAT LOSSES OF UP TO 17 POUNDS IN JUST 14 DAYS.

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Check size: ☐ Medium (30-38) ☐ Large (39-47)
- ☐ **2. SLIMMER'S SHAKE and Free Course only \$11.98**
- ☐ **3. SPECIAL OFFER:**
Slim Gard, Slimmer Shake and Free Course only \$17.96

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REAL COMBAT STORIES

MY WILD ESCAPE FROM THE HAREM OF 1,000 DELIGHTS 12

By Brad Kingston as told to Mark Brand

A woman's soft caress had set a flame within me and it wouldn't be snuffed out until I'd had my revenge.

EXPOSE: HOW WOMEN ARE MAKING YOU A SEX ZOMBIE 16

By Thomas L. Brentwood

They won't stop until you're stripped of the last of your manhood.

COTTON CANDY 18

BEWARE THE SUMMER LUSTS OF TEENS ON A TEAR 22

By Charles Beach

They'll do anything for kicks during the "fun season"—even slaughter you.

JUNGLE KILLERS—3,000 SPECIALISTS IN THE "GREEN-HELL" WAR 24

By Gene Channing

Battling the murderous Burmese jungle and rivers, Merrill's Marauders slashed behind Jap lines on a raid everyone said was doomed from the start.

HANDSOME MEN MAKE THE LOUSIEST LOVERS 26

By Chuck McCarthy

The guy who'll walk off with your girl won't win any beauty contest. He's got something going for him which you never imagined.

OUR IRISH COLLEEN 28

PAY OUR TOLL ON DEATH BRIDGE 30

By private Ward Paine as told to Bob Shields

He opens his mouth to scream and the cry of terror is cut off by the gushing torrent of his blood. This was Remagen.

KISS AND KILL LURE OF THE PASSION-WILD TENDERFOOT WANTON ... 32

By Dean W. Ballanger

Her velvet body was a magnet to Buchanan, drawing him to an eternity of doom.

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By Ed Chalmers

I do for her what mountains greenery and fresh air can't and what her husband won't.

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HELL-RAISING GUERRILLA QUEEN WHO SAVED MARSHAL TITO 40

By Cyrus W. Bell

It was an amazing rescue led by the gun-toting Partisan who commanded Yugoslavia's army or women.

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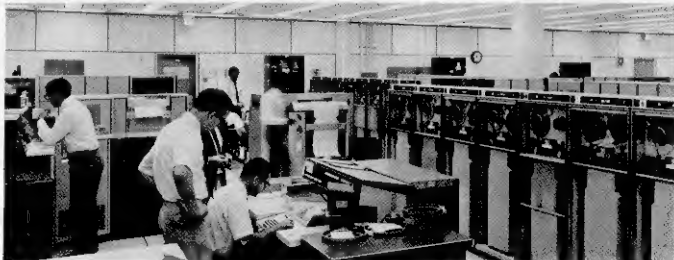
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BRITISHERS HAVE NOMINATED a local Yorkshire newspaper for "loue-of-the-month" award, for playing the "crummiest, dirtiest and most low-down trick" on that city's young men.

The following ad appeared in the paper: "Have gun—will travel. Concern with world-wide interests offers special training and good pay for fit young men with a spirit for adventure—occasionally dangerous." What followed was a box number.

The ad was answered by 200 men equally intent on bucking the competition for the job.

The "award" came up with the men discovered that the worldwide concern doing the advertising turned out to be the *British Army*.

THE YUMA, ARIZONA police officer watched suspiciously as the determined character boarded the amusement park merry-go-round for the 30th straight time.

Finally, the officer approached, thinking he had a prime candidate for the looney bin, or else for a cell at the local precinct, to sleep off a drunk.

The guy explained that the operator of the concession had owed him \$10 and refused to pay up.

"Riding this ruddy thing makes me sick as hell," the guy spat. "But if it's the only way I'm going to collect, then I'm staying on for a sawbuck's worth of rides."

SOMETIMES, POLICE HAVE to use the utmost discretion in conducting an investigation.

And being delicately discreet was the keynote when Scotland Yard men were handed a recent case.

It seemed that some bloke had enjoyed a couple of short snorts in the House of Commons bar, and he'd paid for his drinks with phony pound notes.

A House of Commons' representative said rather bitterly when informed of the situation, "I'll just bet things like this never happen in the House of Lords!"

IT'S NOT OFTEN THAT COPS teach a crook how to go about breaking the law.

But in Portland, Oregon, police picked up this young hood and booked him on a charge of breaking open and looting a safe.

When asked where he'd learned his "trade," he told authorities that he used a press card he'd once swiped from a working news reporter, to get into a couple of police bureau lectures, where veteran locksmiths were detailing the finer points of safe cracking and opening locked doors to police rookies.

WHEN HE SUED HIS WIFE for divorce, a New York City man told the judge that his spouse browbeat him for being a "big spender."

He went on to explain that after he turned over his weekly pay envelope to her, she handed him 65 cents a day spending money.

Sixty cents of it automatically went for carfare.

"As if that wasn't bad enough," he told the magistrate, "she accuses me of spending the remaining nickel to run around with other women."

TO SHOW THAT WATCHING TELEVISION can be a lot more expensive than you might think, detectives at Scotland Yard recently issued this public warning: "Don't become so engrossed in what's on the boob tube that you don't even know what's going on in your own home!"

A survey of some 2,500 burglaries committed in a three month span, showed the bulk of thefts from homes took

place during the early evening hours, while the victims were fully awake, and deeply immersed in watching the idiot box.

THE NEWSPAPER RUN BY CONS at the state penitentiary in Columbia, South Carolina, admitted recently in one of its editorials that it was in the market for new editorial talent among the prisoners.

However, it had to turn down an inmate's eager application to be a "roving" reporter.

AN INEPT MUGGER spent four freezing hours in a windwept alley waiting for a Bronx, New York bookkeeper to come out of the five and dime, walk three blocks to the bank, and then return to the store with the cash he'd withdrawn for the owner.

When the guy finally *did* return, the culprit snatched the attache case his victim was carrying and ran down the block with it.

All he got for his pains was a container of coffee and a couple of egg sandwiches.

Seems the crook got the guy's schedule mixed up.

The bookkeeper didn't make the withdrawal the con expected him to, but made a night deposit instead, and filled the attache case with a late-night snack he'd just purchased.

"THEIR SLIPS ARE SHOWING!" That's what professors in the philosophy department of a University in Curitiba, in southern Brazil had to say after giving their students a general-knowledge quiz during this year's entrance exam.

Some examples: What countries fought in the Six Day War?—*England And France!*

Who was Immanuel Kant?—*A champion automobile racer!*

What is the Morse Code?—*The alphabet used by blind people!*

WANT TO MAKE A QUICK \$100,000?

All you have to do is go out and catch a Sasquatch!

The Junior Chamber of Commerce in Regina, *Saskatchewan* will pay that much for a Sasquatch.

That's defined as a large, hairy manlike creature reported to live in remote mountain forests and mentioned often in Indian folklores.

The Jaycees call it Canada's answer to the Abominable Snowman.



Shamed by your English?

You can soon speak and write like a college graduate
if you let me help you for 15 minutes a day.

LET'S BE FRANK

If you've ever been shamed by a mistake in English, maybe I can save you from years of disappointment.

You see, none of us will ever go any farther than our ability to speak and write will let us go.

I have met countless numbers of intelligent men and women who are being held back in their jobs and social lives—often without knowing it—because they couldn't express themselves fully and easily.

What About You?

Could you get ahead faster with a command of good English? Just ask yourself these questions:

Even with all your ability and ambition, how long has it been since you had a promotion?

Even with all you have to offer, when people get together at work or at parties, are you the one they listen to?

Be Honest with Yourself

If people are not impressed by the way you speak and write—and, if you're honest enough with yourself to admit it—you have already taken the first big step to success.

The Next Step Is Easy

You can master good English without going back to school. Over the years I have helped thousands of men and women to stop making embarrassing mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, and become interesting conversationalists—right in their own homes.

Here's What to Do

I can help you, too, if you will give 15 minutes a day to the Career Institute Method of mastering good English. My answers to the following questions will show you how quickly and easily you can stop being ashamed of your English, and do something about getting ahead.

Question *What is so important about my ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Good English is absolutely necessary for making a good impression and getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What does a "command of good English" mean?*

Answer It means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read.

Question *Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?*

Answer Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your thinking becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question *Wouldn't I have to go back to school for a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The unique Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, gain a colorful vocabulary, write clearly and well, and discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *How do I know it works?*

Answer There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people in all walks of life who have used the proved Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

Question *How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate, using your method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail you a free 32-page booklet which explains the new easy-to-follow Career Institute Method and tells how you can master good English quickly and enjoyably at home. Send coupon, card, or letter today to Career Institute.
Dept. 276-18 No salesmen will call.
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DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. 276-18 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Ill. 60060

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Here's a brand new way... a fantastically successful system that turns your hands into fearsome, devastating arsenals of power! Based on centuries-old secrets of Japanese Killer. Guts and a Space Age hand-building principle, my KILLER KARATE KRUSHER can make you into a two-fisted tank of power... able to take care of yourself... anytime... anywhere... in all situations! You'll never again fear any man or turn away from any challenge. ORDER IT TODAY! Only \$9.98 postpaid.

MY GUARANTEE TO YOU: You'll own fearless, ferocious, crippling arsenals of hand power—and become a "Terror-Fighter," able to take care of yourself in every situation—IN 30 DAYS—or your money back!

GREAT FOR SPORTS, TOO! FEAR NO MAN!

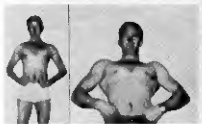


FREE My "Killer Karate" Course... "The Deadly Art of Hand Fighting." Shows dozens of ways to disarm and counter-attack any man, whatever his size! Yours FREE if you order the KILLER KARATE KRUSHER NOW!

PRICED AT ONLY
\$9.98
KARATE KRUSHER & COURSE

3 THE END OF THE SKINNY BODY

Drink on as much as 14 pounds in the next 14 days this delicious FUN way!



BEFORE—James Parker at a slim 150 pounds. **AFTER 14 days** of the Crash-Weight Plan, Jim weighed 178 pounds.

GAINS 14 POUNDS IN 14 DAYS!

HEY YOU SKINNY GUYS! Thousands are doing it every day. WHY NOT YOU? Here's a totally new breed of nutritional "delicious" drink that's guaranteed to put an end to your hungry-looking, muscle-poor body... through a new, scientifically-blended milkshake-tasting drink, **Crash-Weight Formula #7**. Plus puts meat on your frame. Fills out your narrow, shallow chest, skinny arms and spindly legs. Nobody likes a bag of bones! With my proven **Crash-Weight Plan** you just drink 4 milkshake-delicious glasses with your regular meals and take in an extra 3500 calories daily... to help you pile on the weight FAST! (It's the calories that count when you want to put on some handsome weight!) The nice thing about my weight-gain plan is that it's as easy as take. No complicated exercises to do. No slopping, heavy-as-lead foods to force into your system. The Formula #7 Plan does all the work... you just sit around, take it easy, be as lazy as you want—and in a few days you'll see measurable weight gains pile up! Check the coupon for the Plan and flavor you want to use to put an end to your skinny body. Guaranteed to put weight on you or your money back.

To add up to 14 pounds in the next 14 days you need:

- 14-day supply of **Crash-Weight Formula #7**
- 14-day supply of **Appetite-Stimulating Tablets**, and

FREE Weight-Gaining Course. A 48-page illustrated guide crammed with step-by-step instructions in weight-gaining basics. PLUS 3 copies of *Mr. America* magazine, worth \$1.80... yours FREE!

7-day supply: \$8.00 • 14-day supply: \$14.98

(Your choice of Chocolate or Vanilla flavor)



PRICED AT ONLY

\$8.00
FOR A WEEK'S SUPPLY & COURSE

HERE FOR MASCULINE VIRILITY!

CREATE A NEW, EXCITING AND FUN-GOING YOU IS SHOWN RIGHT HERE!

4 NEW "SLIM-GARD"

Trims Inches Off Your Middle, Waist, Hips and Lower Back While You Wear It Without Exercising!

Meet my pupil, Irvin Katsenich, age 46. He has a 44" chest, 30" waist, weighs 190 pounds. He's won more than 50 trophies for "Most Muscular Waist." In various "Mr. America" contests. Says Irvin: "You wouldn't think that a guy like me could wear the SLIM-GARD, but I do. Every day if possible. It keeps my waist and middle trim and muscular while I wear it. I swear by it. You chubbies will, too!"

SLIM-GARD is the newest, space age way to trim up and trim down your torso. All you do is wear it and it takes inches off your waist. It's fantastic the way it works! SLIM-GARD acts like a waist supporter. It hugs your body, keeping warm air in, cold air out and inducing immediate perspiration. Wear it on the golf course, tennis court, at home, or when you jog. SLIM-GARD won't tear at hairs... you won't even know you're wearing it. Stretches to approximately 6". Made from the finest, most resistant neoprene material. Easy to slip on and off. Has heavy-duty zipper. SLIM-GARD won't tear, rip, or come apart. Available in Small (22-30 waist); Medium (30-35); Large (35-42). ORDER NOW! Only \$9.95.

FREE!

NEW "AEROBICS/CIRCUIT TRAINING" EXERCISE ROUTINE

Combining a slimming, muscle-strengthening and heart-arteries-lung improvement routine to help create a more vigorous you... inside and out!

Follow this enjoyable, easy plan in the privacy of your own room. Slims and strengthens your body in just 15 minutes a day. Stimulates your body to use and distribute your food intake more efficiently—to keep you from gaining weight. Helps you melt off fat where you want it. Reshapes your body to youthful lines. Stimulates your body to use and distribute more oxygen to that your heart, arteries and lungs are strengthened.

See results within 2 weeks! Tested by thousands with outstanding results! This program is guaranteed to improve your well-being, fitness and vigor in just weeks. And most important, it's an easy-to-follow program you can stick to for the rest-of-your-life!



SLIM-GARD & COURSE ONLY

\$9.95

5 LOSES 35 POUNDS IN A FEW WEEKS!



BEFORE—Gary Murray was overweight, sick and disgusted with life. **AFTER**—A few short weeks on the Weight-Loss Plan, he was 35 lbs. lighter and happier!

LOSE UP TO A-POUND-A-DAY... 14 POUNDS IN 14 DAYS Without Losing Strength & Vigor

The Only "Weight Loss" Plan that Really Does Something To Shape You Up... Keep You Vigorous And Athletic-Looking While Losing Weight!

Your skin won't collapse or sag or develop the deep and easy lines and wrinkles that give you an aged appearance. This is the only plan that puts vigor, power, muscles and masculinity into your body while it slims you. You'll look and feel younger while losing weight safely. Weight Loss RX? SHAPE-UP PLAN is a revolutionary new protein-enriched weight-loss plan. Unlike other reducing plans that make you lose vigor, health and youthfulness, this remarkable drink provides you with a nutritional

balance of natural organic proteins, vitamins, minerals... along with controlled fats and carbohydrates. Follow the plan, drink nutritious, milkshake-flavored RX?, follow the Carbo-Gram "Countdown" Diet and the few simple exercises that come with it. You are guaranteed that within 30 days you'll look more vigorous, be more athletic-looking and more youthful than at any other time in your life. THOUSANDS ARE DOING IT DAILY... WHY NOT YOU?... WHY NOT NOW... TODAY?

FREE New "Aerobics/Circuit-Training" Exercise Routine. Same course as described in the SLIM-GARD ad.



with emphasis on waist, hips and small of the back reduction. PLUS FREE: 3 copies of Mr. America magazine... worth \$1.00... yours FREE!

12-Day Supply

\$11.98

(Your choice of Vanilla or Chocolate flavor)

6 SPECIAL OFFER:



- 2-weeks' supply of "RX?" with course.
- Plus SLIM-GARD
- and 3 FREE issues of Mr. America.

A \$25 value Now only **\$17.96**

USE THIS SHAPE-UP... MUSCLE-UP COUPON!



JOE WEIDER

Dep't. 155-70-P4

531-32nd Street
Union City, N.J. 07087

Dear Joe:

Thanks for letting me know about your "Shape-Up"... "Muscle-Up" courses and products. Please send me the items checked below, along with my FREE gifts. I understand all your products carry a full money-back guarantee... no "ifs"... "ands"... or "buts."

I enclose check or money order for \$

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

- ☐ "007" TWISTER. Free course & 3 copies of Muscle Builder magazine only **\$9.95**
- ☐ KILLER KARATE BRUISER & Free "Killer Karate" course only **\$9.95**
- ☐ CRASH-WEIGHT FORMULA #7 PLAN with Free course (check one):
☐ 7-Day Supply only **\$ 8.00**
☐ 14-Day Supply only **\$14.98**
 Check flavor desired: ☐ Chocolate ☐ Vanilla
- ☐ SLIM-GARD & Free "Circuit Training" course & 3 copies of Mr. America only **\$9.98**
 Check waist size: ☐ Small (22-30) ☐ Medium (30-35) ☐ Large (35-42)
- ☐ WEIGHT-LOSS RX? Plan with Free "Shape-Up" course. 2 weeks' supply only **\$11.98**
 Check flavor desired: ☐ Chocolate ☐ Vanilla
- ☐ SPECIAL OFFER: 2 weeks of RX? Plan, Free "Shape-Up" course and Slim-Gard. \$25.00 value only **\$17.98**

MEDICAL TIPS

for MEN

By DICK LAWRENCE



A HUSBAND NEEDN'T FEEL GUILTY if and when his wife takes the initiative when it comes to matters of sex, states Denver Colorado psychiatrist and marriage counselor, Dr. Sidney R. Young.

Although the husband *should* be the dominant partner in sex relations, the wife may at times be the active and aggressive one, and the husband more passive than usual.

"This helps create a mutually reciprocal attitude to please the other partner," states Dr. Young.

When the wife becomes the wooer, the husband feels flattered and this usually inspires his desire to give her much gratification.

As it creates the variety desired, a wife will occasionally yield to the impulse of the moment to fondle her husband and kiss him passionately.

Most men, said Dr. Young, appreciate the wife's urge to stimulate them.

EVEN COUPLES WHO DEEPLY LOVE one another will find their sexual thoughts stray to another person at times during their marital sex act.

Dr. Jack Leahy, New York City psychiatrist maintains that sex fantasies during this time are healthy and should not be taken otherwise.

To a greater or lesser extent, Dr. Leahy specified, there is scarcely a wife who doesn't engage in fantasies during the sex act with her husband.

Such fantasies often include thoughts about other males—such as a previous lover—a particularly virile-looking Hollywood star, even a neighbor.

But the wife can take some assurance in the thought that during the sex act her spouse engages in quite similar fantasies about members of the opposite sex.

Since emotions and feelings are a powerful trigger in the coital act, it's only natural for such experiences. Variety, both mental and physical, vitalizes an individual's sexual desires.

No harm is done if it all leads to increased sexual excitement with one's own mate, said Dr. Leahy.

"ADULTS IN THEIR 40'S AND 50'S know more about their automobiles or golf clubs than they do about sex or sexuality," according to Dr. David Reuben, psychiatrist.

In an interview with the Information Center on the Mature Woman, he said: "When you buy an automobile, they give you a wonderful book that tells you how to turn the key and what to do if something goes wrong.

most people find out about sex through "on-the-job training." They start in with sex about age 14 or 15. They make mistakes for about 30 years. By the time they really get the hang of it, it's already too late."

According to Dr. Reuben, the author of "Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Sex—But Were Afraid To Ask," this ignorance is not universal. Men in their 70's and 80's, even some in their 90's enjoy frequent and satisfactory sex relationships.

In these cases, however, the "single most significant factor" is that sex is consistent.

"If either men or women stop for a period of 30 days or more, it is very difficult sometimes for them to begin again," he said.

In sex, he brought out, more than in any other area, it is "use it or lose it," particularly when you are over the age of 50.

Dr. Reuben said that when illness or depression interrupts a man's sex experience, impotence frequently follows just behind.

BRITISH SCIENTISTS ARE WORKING on a "contraceptive perfume" which may be sold on the market in the not-too-distant future.

They're studying *pheromones*, certain body fragrances which in lesser creatures than human beings are biologi-

cally attuned to sex smells.

In animals and insects, *pheromones* are a sex magnet. In mice, they have proven an effective contraceptive. Newly pregnant mice put in a box with the left-over scent of a strange male mouse have mysteriously aborted.

The Department of Investigative Medicine, Cambridge University, working with the National Institute for Mental Research, wonders whether *pheromones* might have similar effects on human beings.

MOST MEN MAKE THE common mistake of thinking they can gauge a girl's all-out sexual ability simply by her enthusiasm and willingness to pet.

Hardly, states Cleveland, Ohio marriage specialist, Dr. Eugene Toettermann.

He specified that studies by Kinsey show that a woman's interest or ability at petting has little to do with her complete sexual behavior.

In fact, he states that if petting becomes a more than a form of foreplay to the female, her need for sexual intercourse can lessen.

THE TIME FOR SEX, and the place for it should be whenever and wherever you choose.

The fact that a relationship is unplanned, or that it wasn't in your mind ten minutes ago, is no reason for anyone to reject the idea now, states Dr. Richard Abrahams, Detroit, Michigan psychiatrist and marriage specialist and counselor.

"Sex is, basically, the best fun that two human beings of the opposite sex can enjoy together," said Dr. Abrahams.

"But real fun," he brought out, "requires spontaneity for greater enjoyment. Like any type of entertainment, there are times for planning. That goes for picnics as well as passion. But, just as the casual night out, the unplanned game, or the unexpected party can bring about new and different kinds of happiness, so can unplanned sex."

"TEMPORARY IMPOTENCY AND FRIGIDITY should be treated as a bathing slump in baseball," states Dr. Claire Rosenberg, San Francisco M.D. and marriage counselor. "In that sooner or later, it will pass. And it will pass that much sooner if you and your partner don't tense-up and start 'pressing'."

In over 90 per cent of cases of male impotency, whose symptoms are either failure to maintain an erection or premature ejaculation, are the result of emotional problems rather than physical abnormalities, Dr. Rosenberg asserted.

Now! Enjoy tape cartridges through your present stereo record system!

8-Track Tape Cartridge Player

OUR CATALOG PRICE \$69.95

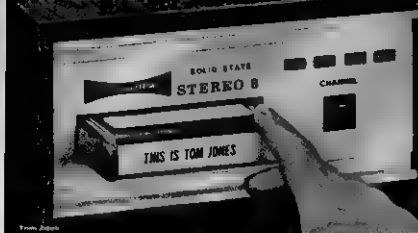
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when you join the Columbia Stereo Tape Cartridge Service by buying three cartridges now and agreeing to buy only seven additional cartridges during the coming year, from the more than 600 to be offered

The richness of full stereo sound—with the convenience of 8-track cartridges!

- Place through your home stereo system—no special installation, no extra wiring, no stereo components
- Program indicator lights up each program
- Push-button Program Selection—changes from one program to another with the touch of your finger
- Completely automatic operation
- Built without grinding



Here's the most advanced, most convenient, most trouble-free way for you and your family to enjoy stereo music in your home—a way that frees you forever from records that scratch, warp and wear out... from reel-to-reel tapes that tangle and break. It's the famous, compact Columbia 8-Track TAPE CARTRIDGE PLAYER... now yours, in this extraordinary offer, at a truly fabulous bargain price!

With the Columbia 8-Track Player, you'll be able to enjoy full stereo fidelity, plus the effortless convenience of 8-track cartridges in your home! Columbia tapes play continuously—switch automatically from track to track... and the Player provides superb stereophonic sound reproduction right through your present home stereo record system!

Our regularly offered price for the Player is \$69.95—yet now, as part of this special intro-

ductory offer, you may take the Player for only \$9.95 when you join the Columbia Stereo Tape Cartridge Service and buy three cartridges of your choice for only \$6.98 each.

Your only obligation as a member is to purchase seven additional cartridges during the coming year... music you'd probably buy anyway! As a member you will receive, every four weeks, a copy of the Service's buying guide. Each issue contains scores of different cartridges to choose from—the best-sellers from over 50 different labels!

If you want only the regular selection of your musical interest, you need do nothing—it will be shipped to you automatically. Or you may order any of the other cartridges offered... or take no cartridges at all... just by returning the convenient selection card by the date specified. What's more,

from time to time the Service will offer some special cartridges which you may reject by returning the special dated form provided... or accept by doing nothing.

Your Own Charge Account! Upon enrollment, we will open a charge account in your name. You pay for your cartridges only after you've received them. They will be mailed and billed to you. The regular Service price of \$6.98 (Classical and special cartridges somewhat higher), plus a mailing and handling charge.

Free Cartridges! You'll get an additional cartridge of your choice FREE for every two cartridges you buy, once you've completed your enrollment agreement. That's like getting a 33 1/3% discount on all the 8-track cartridges you want, for as long as you want! Fill in and mail the coupon today!

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If you prefer, you may charge your Player and cartridges to your credit card. We honor six different plans. Simply check your preference and include your account number on the coupon.

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My main musical interest is (check one box only):

- ☐ Easy Listening ☐ Young Sounds ☐ Country

As a member of the Service, my only obligation is to purchase as few as seven additional cartridges during the coming year at the regular Service price under the terms outlined in this advertisement... and I may cancel my membership at any time thereafter. If I continue, I am to receive an 8-track cartridge of my choice FREE for every two additional selections I purchase.

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B01-6/4R

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Twice the music - put each cassette in one selection

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MY WILD ESCAPE FROM THE

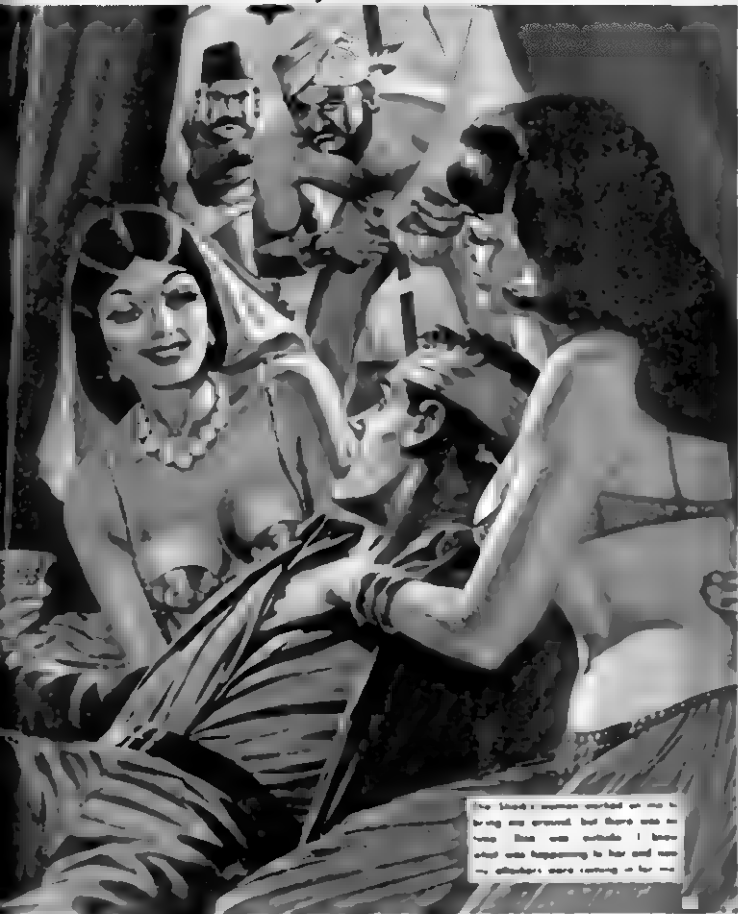
At Stanton's soft caress had set a flame within me which wouldn't be snuffed out until the entire desert blazed with the white heat of lust and revenge.

I DON'T REMEMBER the first time I saw a lone Yemeni in the sleep dune and fell into my waiting arms. I pulled her down gently, and she wouldn't be seen from the tent camp of Hassan Ali Musa. The sand was still warm from the sun. She smiled up at me, breathlessly. "Is this the night you will take me with you?"

I kissed her to avoid answering. Our lips stayed together for a long time. I brought off. What have you learned?



HAREM OF 1,000 DELIGHTS



The Shah's woman started on me to bring me around, but there was no one else in the room. I knew what was happening to her and how my officers were reacting to her.

"She noticed my displeasure. She threw her arm around me. 'The Sheikh is clever.' She pressed herself close. 'Does it make so much difference?'"

"We made a deal."

"But what can I do, Brad—search every saddlebag in camp?"

"Yes, if you have to."

She flung herself to the sand. "You don't really want me."

You want to use me."

"That's not so."

"Yes it is. You are like my people. When a girl loves her Divine Seal you consider her worthless."

"Your virginity doesn't mean a damn thing to me."

I heard a metallic click. I sprawled on the sand beside Ilica and slipped my hand over her mouth. My free hand went to the 45 in my belt. Ilica froze beside me. I could feel her lips tremble under my fingers.

The game we played was a dangerous one. She was in it for her freedom; I was in it because it was my job. We stayed motionless for ten minutes. There were no more sounds. I relaxed and shoved the gun into my belt.

Ilica rolled toward me. She shuddered. She cupped my face in her hands and they shook violently. "Brad, please take me with you . . . now!"

I avoided her pleading eyes. "You have the freedom of the camp. Walk around it tomorrow. Look for a saddlebag with an unhooked flap. See what's inside."

The plea in her eyes turned to rage. "You're hateful!" She raised her hand to slap me. I caught it. My lips smashed hard against hers and I urged her to the sand. She squirmed

under me. She tried to pull her face away from mine. My tongue darted quickly between her lips. She softened. My hand moved up from her navel and cupped her heaving breast until it was quivering. Then my fingers slipped downward, over her hip and caressed the inside of her thigh. A moment later Ilica was naked beside me, her breath hot on my neck, her white teeth bared and nibbling on my ear. "I hate you . . ." I ignored her half-hearted remark. My blood raced in my veins. Ilica had spent her whole life learning how to please a man and she used every bit of her knowledge on me as we lay side by side in the darkness. Our bodies were molded together. Her arms were tight around my neck. She voiced the urgency within her through short, sharp gasps and the only sound now was the steady rhythmic crunching of the soft sand under us.

In an hour it would be light. I helped Ilica get into her clothes. She wasn't happy, but I'd managed to convince her to try once more to find out the Sheikh's cargo. She held my hands. "Brad, the others know about you."

"What others?"

"The slaves in the harem. They pray to Allah for us."

THAT WAS a twist I didn't like, but there wasn't anything I could do about it, nor could I devote any thought to it because right after Ilica had told me I heard another metallic click. This time it was followed by the appearance of four figures looming up all around us.

Ilica gasped. I reached for the gun. A shot split the silence. Sand geysered up at my feet. A voice said, "Don't move!" The figures came closer. The one directly in front of us was recognizable now.

It was Sheikh Hassam Ali Musa.

His white teeth flashed. "Ilica loves you more fiercely than she does me." A beam of light was thrown in my face. "Who are you?"

I didn't answer. The other figures were close now. They weren't Arabs. Slaves, probably. They were half naked. I guessed they were eunuchs.

I was ordered to stand. Ilica shrieked up beside me. At the moment, the Sheikh was more disturbed by Ilica's conduct than mine. At a gesture from him one of the slaves picked her up by the hair. The Arab's teeth flashed again when he snapped, "Strip her!"

Ilica screamed. She shrank from the large hand that closed on her breasts and shredded the material covering them. With another savage tug the slave ripped away the cloth that circled her loins. Sheikh Hassam snarled, "You will see that this adulteress is punished in the usual way."

I felt the gun jerked from my belt. I was pushed toward the camp. The Sheikh walked ahead. Ilica was still held by the hair. The other two walked behind me, prodding me with a rifle. I had to get away and there was no better time than right now, when the night was at its darkest.

I whirled, slapped the rifle aside and drove a hand right into the slave's belly. He grunted. I ducked low and slammed my shoulder into the other slave. He went down on his rump. The first recovered and clapped me on the side of the head with the rifle butt. Pain knifed through me. I saw the Sheikh and the third slave coming back to help. Time had run out. I drove my knee up between my opponent's legs. He howled. I kicked the other one in the face and then took off in the dark.

The Arab shouted orders. Four shots rang out but they were all wild. I kept running blindly. It was just as dark for me and I couldn't get my bearings. Blood poured down the side of my face. My jeep was parked on the road, but I couldn't remember where the road was. My brain was in a fog. I grew weaker. My foot hit something and I went down.

The thing it hit was a tent stake. I'd run right into the Sheikh's camp.

I struggled to get up. I couldn't be found here. I had to escape. If Hassam discovered my purpose he'd put a bullet between my eyes without a second thought.

I was aware of soft bodies around me. Soft hands. Perfume. Hushed voices. The hands were gentle. They lifted me and carried me inside the tent. Incense burned somewhere. The faces that looked down at me with concern were young and pretty. A wet rag was tied around my head. The suddenness of harsh voices outside startled me. I tried to get up, but my head spun. I grabbed the women for support. "Get me out of here."

Ilica moved closer. "You are using me," she accused. I didn't deny it. For what I wanted I had to use her.





The jump was not in reach. If I could get to it without stepping a bullet first, there'd be a slim chance for us.

A scream outside stilled us. It was Uica. The women's faces seemed to open up with the horror of what they thought. One gasped, "He must not do it!"

"Do what?"

She looked at me and her eyes turned to ice. "You should have taken her away the first night."

I TRIED to get up again. There was still a possibility that I could sneak away before dawn. Uica screamed again. Then four of the Sheik's slaves pushed into the harem tent. The women moved away. I was picked up and propelled into the camp street. I fell at Uica's feet. I looked up at her. Her naked body bore the marks of a leather whip.

She was tied to a pole that had been used to secure camels. Her master stood beside her, the whip coiled on the sand like a snake. He glared at me. His voice rasped like a file. "You will die with your lover, of course."

I was secured to another pole near Uica. Hassim choked the knots. His black eyes bore into mine. He was curious. "Besides being a foul infidel, just who are you? What is your purpose in Jordan?"

I didn't answer. He shrugged. "It doesn't matter." He strode toward his tent, his colorful robes flapping in the dawn's early breeze.

Uica hung her head. Her hands had been lashed to the pole above her, to add to her discomfort. Some of her long black hair hung down her back; some of it followed the curve of her breasts. Her shame at being exposed to the eyes of all those in camp was beyond description. Her lips trembled. I could see them. I could see her face turning scarlet. But I couldn't know the torment that raged inside her.

Some of her shame rubbed off on me, but not for the same reason. There had never been any question about it. I'd used her. From the moment of our first furtive meeting in 'Aqaba I knew that I'd have to develop an affair with her to get what I wanted.

At that time, Hassim Ali Muna and his harem had swept into 'Aqaba in two white Cadillacs, preceding his camel caravan by a few hours. After the dust settled he got out, went to the other car, said something to the women inside, then took off for a bord bar. The women got out. They were veiled. They headed toward the open air markets in a body. On a hunch I followed them.

The stall areas were crowded with shoppers. Soon the Sheik's harem separated, each bent on her own purchases. I elbowed my way to one of them and made an attempt to strike up a conversation. She refused to talk. I was persistent. Eventually she nodded to my questions, then opened up, with only a trace of an accent. She told me where the Sheik planned to camp for the evening. We walked slowly from stall to stall, spoke in whispers and made no sign that we were together. I told her I wanted to see her again and she said it was impossible. The next thing I said was, "What do you want more than anything else in the world?"

The question stopped her. She toyed with a trinket on a stand and I saw her fingers shake. She glanced at me. "Freedom."

"Talk sense. You've got that. Just keep walking."

"How far would I get without transportation? Hassim knows we are too wise to try to escape on foot."

"Suppose I provide the transportation."

Her dark eyes widened above the black veil. She put a hand on her breast, obviously to still her rapidly beating heart. Her eyes searched mine. "You are not playing with me?"

"I mean it."

"You will take me far away?"

"As far away as you like."

THAT NIGHT, in the desert, I hit her with the condition that I insisted on imposing. I told her what I wanted her to do. She turned away from me. "I should have known." "If my hunch is right the police" (Continued on page 67)

SELF TEST: ARE WOMEN MAKING YOU A SEX ZOMBIE?

**They will not stop until
they have stripped you of
the last of your manhood.**

By THOMAS L. BRENTWOOD

FROM a nation's humor you shall know its temper. So goes the old saying. If this is true, we're sick, sick, sick! There no longer is any battle of the sexes. Woman reigns triumphant. And you, friend, are a walking automaton.

Think we're kidding? How long has it been since you've gone to a card shop to select a missive for your ever-loving? How long has it been since you thumbed through the grisly commentary on our times which is

In their drive to make you a slave to their demands, they will use any weapon they can get their hands on.





all the rage now? You know the rack, the one marked *Cards, Humorous*.

Let us show you what we mean. Here's a nice little number which holds a position of honor in the classification, *Anniversary, Wife*. The cover of this particular sentimental bombshell shows a thoroughly messed up character. He has slobberwritten all over him. Over his distorted head is a balloon with these tender words, "On this our anniversary, Remembering all the wonderful things you've said to me during the year...."

Open the card up. It shows a wild eyed battle-axe. She's saying things, Buddy. Things like:

"Take your dirty feet off the couch."

"I need more money."

"Not tonight, I'm tired."

"Why don't you shave?"

"Your mother is a monster."

"Can't you see I'm too tired."

"You look like a bum."

"Stop acting like a fool. You're too old for that sort of thing."

And there you have it, friend. There you have the so-called humor of our times. Kind of reminds us of the gag line of the wartime cartoon, where the hero is standing with a shell piercing his skull and saying, "Doc, it only hurts when I laugh."

We may be laughing at the facts of life as they are being lived today. However we're certainly hurting. We're hurting to the cash registers ringing up millions of dollars for tranquilizing drugs which are designed to help us live with our sexual frustrations. We're hurting with hypertension, duodenal ulcers, acute alcoholism and you name it.

We're hurting because we live in an over-mortgaged, over-fed, under-sated world where more likely than not you'll find that you have as much to say about your sexual union as you do about the other things which affect you so vitally.

The simple truth is that the role of sex dominance has been completely turned about. If you're living in the United States, or for that matter in most western countries, prepare yourself to be clubbed into submission by the sleekest, best cared for cave woman the world has ever seen. She's taken over. You're her zombie. Perform when she pushes the right switch. You'll get along. Try to short circuit her prerogative and you've bought big trouble.

Your trouble began around the turn of the century when girls began lifting their floor-length skirts and made the startling discovery that they had bodies under their sacks.

Interestingly enough, the earliest drum beaters for women's rights stressed freedom from confinement in their attire. Old Dolly Bloomer got things underway when she and her cohorts appeared in public in their then scandalous knickers.

MANY psychologists contend that the revolution in women's fashions heralded the start of the wildest sex revolution since Greek maidens ran around Athens with no more covering than a well endowed sheet. The Bloomers of the suffragettes had a message for men. They were like a May Day Parade in Red Square. The public display of hitherto secret parts of female anatomy was like the parading of lethal engines of war. The girls were saying, "These are our ultimate weapons. We will use them to destroy the dominance of men."

We've come a long way (Continued on page 56)

COTTON CANDY



Artist's model Candy James brews her first pot of tea at her new bungalow at Sea Island, Georgia.









Morning glories twining 'round Candy's door are just so much foliage until the charming red head steps into the picture.





BEWARE THE DEADLY PERILS OF TEENAGE SUMMER LUST

by Charles Beach

Terror is a fuzzy cheeked punk or his bikini-clad hipster deb. They'll do anything for kicks during the fun season—even slaughter you.

CONSIDER YOURSELF fortunate if you have not yet been touched by the violence that spreads like slime in summer.

No one knows better than the police in every city and suburban community how lucky you are to have escaped it.

Two United States Presidents have expressed the fact that crime and the fear of crime mark the life of every American citizen.

The FBI tells us that crime on a nation-wide basis has grown six times faster than the population since 1958. There are now 1.1 million burglaries and 117,000 robberies a year in this country. Last year, 500,000 cars were stolen. Loss from vandalism is uncountable. Police say they are doing well if they are able to solve 25 per cent of the burglaries. An FBI official said, "There is no risk today for the criminal."

What is particularly disturbing to law enforcement agencies is that 40 per cent of the crimes in all categories are committed by offenders still in their teens.

(Of even greater concern to the police is that the 40 per cent figure soars during the hot summer months.)

This is the time when an army of young burglars, rapists and killers is unleashed on the population and "the fact of crime and the fear of crime marks every American."

For those who walk a city or suburban street after dark, it is a time of fear.

For women, in their houses or out of them, it is a time of terror.

Police recognize that being behind locked doors and windows is no

(Continued on page 58)



Brawling teenagers are biggest headache for cops
"Girls are usually the cause," say most officials



The restless youth prowls rooks in summer in search of a girl he can intimidate

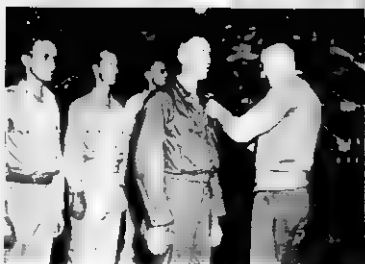
Figures on rape — attempted —
case in summer, lusting youths
have had it's necessary to tell
and that the day it's necessary
and that the day it's necessary



SUICIDE MARCH OF MERRILL'S

JUNGLE KILLERS

MOST DARING RAID of WW II was pulled off by Merrill's Marauders when the 3,000 volunteers of the elite outfit plunged through Burmese jungles to seize Jap-held air base. For his role in the suicide mission, which he led personally, Frank Merrill was awarded the Legion of Merit by Joe Stilwell.



Battling the murderous Burmese jungle and rivers, the Marauders slashed behind Jap lines on a raid that everyone said was doomed from the start. The miracle was that after hacking their way through 800 miles of green hell, they still had the guts to fight—and win.

by GENE CHANNING

NOBODY at General Joe (Vinegar) Stilwell's Burmese headquarters expected to hear the words so soon, but just the same, with dramatic suddenness, at 1:55 a.m., May 16, 1944, they heard them. A battle-fatigued American signalman deep in the southeast Asian jungle mustered up a grin from somewhere and began tapping on his wireless key: "Cafeteria Lunch! Cafeteria Lunch!" As an afterthought he tagged the message: "Come and get it!" (Continued on page 46)

HANDSOME



MEN MAKE THE LOUSIEST LOVERS

**The guy who'll walk off
with your girl won't
win any beauty contest.
But he's come up with
■ much bigger prize.
He's got something going
for him that you never
even thought about.**

By Chuck McCarthy

One woman said, "I've had my fill of handsome men. I'll take the less attractive man because he is aware of my needs and he caters to them."

HE STOOD 5'3". He weighed somewhere around 250. By the time he was 20 he had lost most of his teeth. He spent almost his entire life head-over-heels in debt. All in all you'd figure he was the all-time strike out artist when it came to bedchamber hopping.

But before you start flexing your manly muscles and sneering down on the original Mr. Five By Five, you might do a little boning up on the little man who fitted the above description.

From the time he was 18 until he died prematurely at the age of 50, he was never without at least one mistress. The most beautiful women of the European continent fought each other tooth and nail to share his pillow. He carried on affairs with gals old enough to be his mother (one was actually two years older than his mother) and gals young enough to be his daughter.

His conquests included the wife of a Russian nobleman who was a close confidante of the Czar. For better than sixteen years his on-again off-again sexual gymnastics with the lady were the talk of international circles. So great was his hold on her that she finally relinquished home, country and security to become her aging lover's bride for no other purpose than to nurse him through his terminal illness.

George Sand, who smoked big black cigars, dressed in men's clothes and taught Franz Liszt everything there was to know about passion, stripped her body and soul bare for him.

Other women bedded down with him in the very shadow of their more imposing husbands. They gave him vast sums of money to defray the debts caused by his unbelievable extravagances. They accepted the fact that he could not be faithful to any one woman. They even went so far as to counsel him in the best way to handle his escapades with their competitors.

Fantastic as this saga appears, it is out of the truth-is-stranger-than-fiction mold. For the toothless roly-poly with the mountains of flesh and debts was none other than Honoré De Balzac, the greatest French novelist and lover of his time. Honoré represented the most improbable Casanova who ever lived. Yet he left a trail of satisfied wantons behind which would have served as a tribute to any man.

The interesting thing about Balzac was that his prowess with women was a direct result of his own unhappy childhood. Lonely, believing his beautiful mother had rejected him, he dreamed his dreams in private.

Once he attended a dance. The sight and smell of the beautifully powdered and perfumed women set him off. The vague stirrings he had experienced in his

(Continued on page 64)



♣ OUR ♣ IRISH Colleen

Begorrahl Marilyn Maher is
Irish and she's beautiful.
Her 36-22-35 comes to us
directly from the auld sod.





A ditch was a welcome sight, but no luxury was not extended to those who kept our armies flooding across the cursed bridge.

**PAY OUR
TOLL IN BLOOD
ON DEATH BRIDGE**



Concentrated barrages of Kraut shells fire made the crossing a screaming hell for the GIs who rode into the curtain of steel.

By Pvt. David Ward Paine
as told to
Bob Shields

KRAUT shells drop in our laps from Flak Hill. Low-flying Stukas and Messerschmitts crawl up our backs before we know they're around. Kraut frogmen are trying to plant charges in the murky Rhine below so they can blow us to Hell.

This is the goriest blood bath since D-day.

We're ankle-deep in oil, gasoline, water and blood and we're ready to clobber any dogface who makes a crack about what we are.

Me and 199 other guys are sitting ducks. We stamp our frozen feet while directing the traffic of an army on wheels and treads. And we pray . . . constantly.


Because this is Remagen.

The blue and white brassards on our arms says that we are M.P.'s. Combat M.P.'s—not henhouse.

I'm at the western approach to the bridge with Jerry Langdon, Milt Sholes and Harv Liston. We're playing nursemaid to GIs who are afraid to go across.

A Pershing picks a time like this to honk out. "Get that heap rolling," someone yells.

He opens his mouth to scream and the cry of terror is cut off by the gushing torrent of his blood. He's dying hard. You squat there knowing that you won't go out any easier.

A tanker's head pops out of the turret. "Blow it out . . . !" At that moment an  shell whistles past and the head sinks fast.

Everybody who comes up to the approach sweats blood. But they're a hell of a lot better off than we are. Our job is to keep the men and machines moving—to get them on and off the bridge as fast as we can. So they'll be safe. So they will be safe.

Nobody says anything about our being safe.

Three shells blast our side of the Ludendorff in quick succession. A jeep driver panics. He leaps out and scrambles under the vehicle. PFC Jerry Langdon grabs a leg and drags the guy out.

Langdon's cursing but I can't hear what he's saying because of the noise. He lifts the scared driver by the shirt and tosses him into the jeep. I don't know whether the guy is more afraid of Jerry or the Kraut shells. Anyway, he drives off towards the bridge's twin towers without looking back.

Then the balky Pershing tank starts up. The same head comes out of the turret.

(Continued on page 70)

THE KISS AND KILL LURE OF THE PASSION-WILD TENDERFOOT WANTON

Her velvet body was a magnet to Buchanan, drawing him to one moment of unleashed ecstasy and an eternity of doom.

By DEAN W. BALLENGER

FOR several minutes after Polly McKernan rode her Appaloosa mare into the scrub pines she looked down the slope at Roy Buchanan, the range-greedy rancher who had murdered her husband. It would be easy, she reflected, if she had a rifle. But because she was a back-east immigrant who barely knew which end of a gun the slug came out of she'd had to calculate another way to bushwhack the big rancher. She was going to do it with love.

She nudged the Appaloosa and rode out of the pines. Buchanan, who was sitting on a rock counting

the Herefords in the meadow at the base of the slope, didn't see her until she was very close. Then he leaped up and jerked out his .44s. "Hold it right there!" he said shakily. "I'd hate to kill a woman but I would if I had to!"

"I didn't come here to harm you," Polly said smiling.

Buchanan's eyes swept over this alluring woman. She wasn't wearing weapons. He lowered the .44s. "Then what did you come here for?" he said. He had reason to be wary of Polly. His men had enticed her husband into a corral of speckled range. *Continued on page 50*



As soon as he swept her up in his arms Polly knew that her method of defeating Buchanan was sore-fire. He'd die cursing her name.

to
m.

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ed be
it
at
the
then
and
90;



The movie she wants is that she wants to be restored, and she doesn't see the contempt I have - for her and myself.



I WORK THE U.S.A.'s HOTTEST LUST BELT

I do for her what mountain greenery and fresh air can't, and what her husband won't.

By ED CHALMERS

SHE was thirty, give or take a year or so. She wore it well. What I could see of her figure in the white terry cloth beach robe showed no sags. Her legs were firm. Her complexion like peaches and cream.

She'd come into the coffee shop around five. That's the time when most of the guests have returned to their rooms. On vacation five o'clock is the bewitching hour. Showers, new hairdos, the nap that lets them stay up half the night. The main lounges and other public accommodations of the hotel are usually deserted.

She'd sat at the formica topped counter for a full fifteen minutes toying with her spoon and watching me over the lip of her coffee cup. Slowly she let the terry cloth robe fall from her shoulders. She gathered it around her waist. The bra top to her two piece swim suit clung to her like a second skin.

"You're cute," she said in a slow whisper. "I like you."

I grinned back, letting her lead the conversation. You always let the paying guests lead. This one gave me a sort of a funny feeling. It wasn't just that she was here and begging for it. It wasn't that she appeared to be as much woman as any one guy could handle. It was because I'd served her and her husband. He was a big, gruff character. Sort of like the kind that Paul Douglas used to play. But he knew his sports and he tipped well.

They'd come into the coffee shop late at night when things were slow and we'd shoot the breeze about basketball. He liked to rub shoulders with a college kid who'd gotten a couple of headlines. Made him feel important.

I thought about it as the breathless red head reached over the counter and cupped my chin in her soft palm. The top to her bathing suit was even more inadequate than I had thought.

She must have read the ex-

(Continued on page 48)

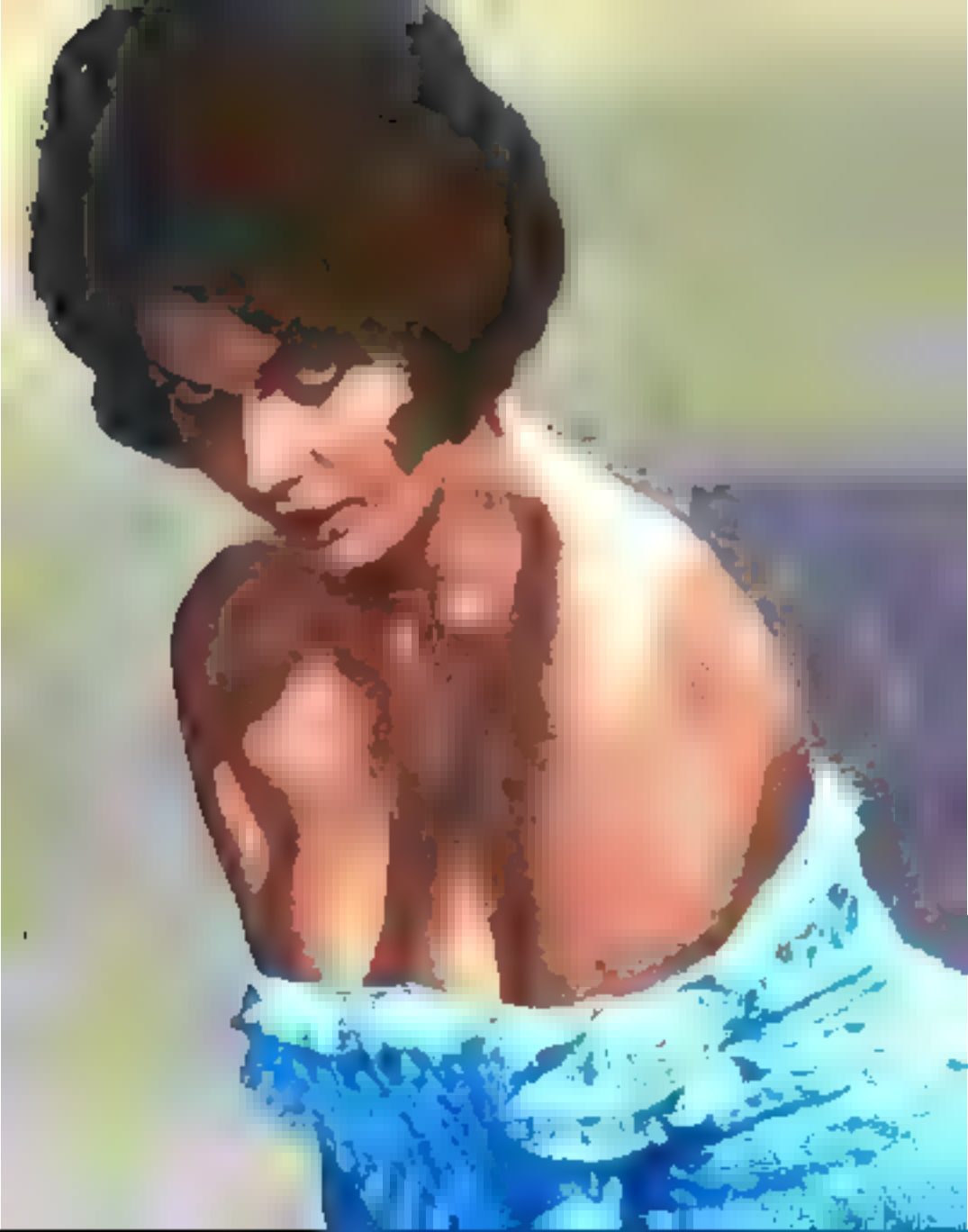


Don't wake us! We're having a beautiful dream. And it's all about Nadia, a black-eyed, black-haired doll in a bikini.



We're Dreaming
Of Nadia





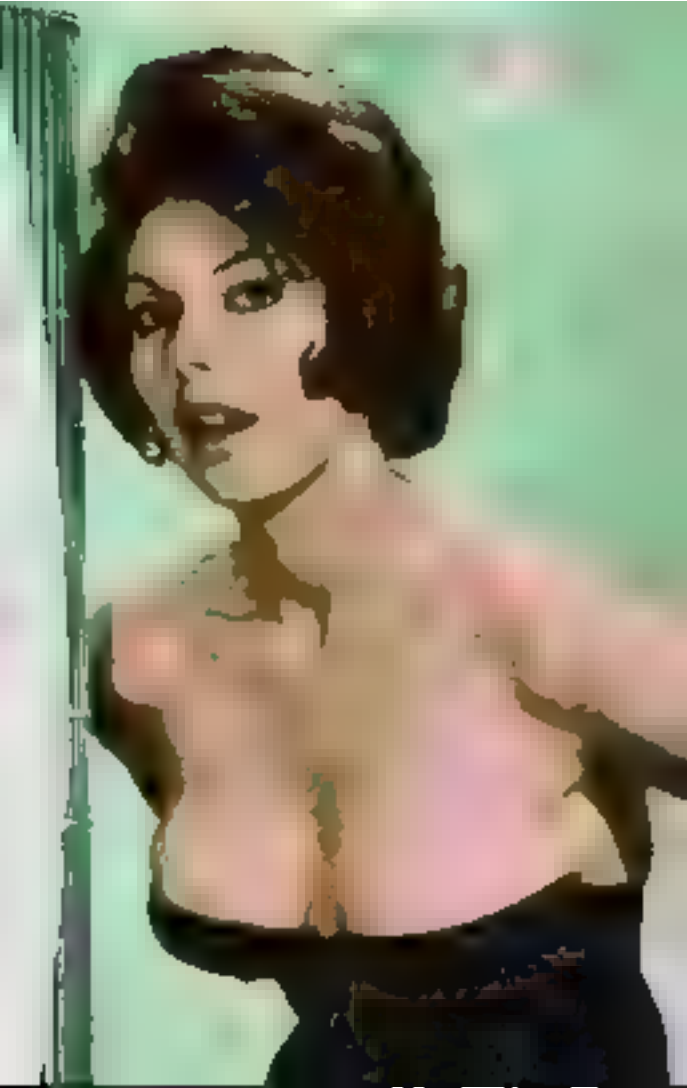














A top dancer on the Coast,
Nadia's 5'4", coupled with
her exotic 37 - 23 - 36, have
us dreaming night and day.



**AMAZING RESCUE BY THE
GUN-TOTING PARTISAN WHO LED
YUGOSLAVIA'S ARMY OF WOMEN**

HELL-RAISING GUERRILLA QUEEN WHO SAVED MARSHAL TITO

by **CYRUS
W. BELL**


ON a warm April morning in 1941, on a lonely mountain plateau in north east Yugoslavia, two German soldiers got ready to carry out their orders to shoot a couple of dozen badly wounded Yugoslav Partisans who had been left on their hands after a damn skirmish.

"Major Mundt doesn't want to take any of them along when we move out today," said the big corporal. He was a brutish-looking man with piercing black eyes and a wide, thick-lipped mouth. "So take my pistol and put a bullet into each head. I'll cover you with the automatic, in case one of them still has any nump left."

The private looked over the Yugoslav guerrillas lying sprawled about in grotesque arrangements: the wounded prisoners, some of whom were still groaning, didn't seem to care what was going to happen to them. Bleeding, prisoners in cold blood was dirty stuff, but what the hell, they would be corpses in a few hours anyway, the private thought, so







This rare wartime photo of Marshal Tito and his staff was taken outside his cave headquarters from which he directed partisans.

HELL-RAISING GUERRILLA QUEEN WHO SAVED MARSHAL TITO

his death slug would be just helping the inevitable along. A few of the others, particularly the shapely guerrilla girl, weren't so badly hit—and she could easily pull through, but orders were orders, the Nazi reminded himself.

Walking slowly among the wounded with the pistol, the soldier placed one careful bullet after another behind the ear of each fallen guerrilla. There were no pleas, no yells—just the single pistol shot and the shuffle of the German's footsteps on the hard ground as he threaded his way among the prisoners.

"Come on, come on," the impatient corporal yelled. "We don't have all day. *Mach schnell!* We're moving out in an hour."

There were still another 10 partisans to polish off, and as the executioner got near where Jovanka, the girl, lay curled up with a gaping bullet hole in her right shoulder, the corporal yelled at the private again.

"Let me know if that dame there is still in good condition before you kill her. Since we got an hour left before we go, we can look her over and see if she has possibilities. Maybe she'll serve at least one good purpose, eh Karl?"

The private, laughed. He knew Corporal Kusch's reputation as a ladies' man. Even here, right after a bloody skirmish with the Yugoslav partisans, he still had his mind on sex. But you couldn't blame him—that wounded babe wasn't a looker, thought Karl. Maybe if there was time, he missed—after the corporal, that is—he could try the girl himself while Kusch kept lookout. He thought about this as he pulled the trigger and blew open another limp head.

Suddenly, over to his left, a figure leaped up from the ground. It was the girl. In a sudden desperate bolt she ran for the thicket of trees nearby. Karl, too startled to shoot, stood there frozen. The corporal was alert, though. "Take care

of the rest!" he yelled. "I'll get the dame myself."

With his giant strides the big Nazi caught up with Jovanka on a trail that ran parallel to a little gully. He tackled her about the knees and toppled her to the rocky ground in a slant. The girl fought back, using her fingernails to scratch deep gouges in his face. She tried a savage kick at the Nazi's groin, but he warded that one off easily.

Jovanka's fight to defend herself enraged the corporal as his hands sought out her body. The girl's nails were now gouging huge chunks of flesh out of his neck and bringing out spurts of blood. That did it. Kusch's huge fist slanted against the girl's jaw and she went limp like a punctured balloon.


Wiping blood from the scratches on his face the soldier stood up and ran his tongue over a cut lip.

"Now I'll make you pay for these scratches," he cursed at the unconscious girl. "I'll take from you what you wouldn't give willingly."

Kneeling down he grabbed the young woman's uniform with both hands and jerked his clenched fists in opposite directions. Her bloodstained khaki blouse ripped open and since she wore no bra, her magnificent breasts were exposed instantly. Working swiftly with a cold anger and now also a rising passion, the Nazi tore the rest of Jovanka's uniform from her body until she lay fully naked on the ground. Then he raped her.

By the time Kusch had waded his lust, the private reached the scene in a daze. His execution detail with the other prisoners completed, he now wanted to share Corporal Kusch's fun. What a build on that girl, he thought to himself. She was made for the bedroom. Karl observed not the battlefield. Too bad about the kid; he almost felt sorry for her.

When the huge corporal got up, he



Yugoslavia's guerrilla war against the invading Nazis was total and practically the entire population took part. More than one third of Marshal Tito's army was composed of women (such as the girls above), many of whom were not yet out of their teens. Jovanka Budisavljevic was just another recruit in the Marshal's partisan army—until she saved his life during a surprise German attack.

scowled at the girl and spit on her face. Jovanka was still unconscious.

"Give me my pistol," Kusch ordered. "I'll shoot this bitch myself."

"But, Corporal..." Karl began to protest.

"Nothing doing," rasped the squad leader. "She dies right now. Give me my pistol."

Snatching it from the disappointed soldier, Kusch pulled back the hammer and casually aimed at the split between Jovanka's breasts. Then something happened. The Nazi changed his mind at the last moment.

"No, I have a better idea," the corporal sneered. "She's going to pay for the scratches she gave me. Let her die slowly. That's the way I want her to go. Not quickly. That's too good for the bitch. Private, cut me four wooden stakes and find me some cord. We're going to have some fun with this Yugoslav whore."

Within a few minutes the private had cut four solid pieces of branch from a nearby tree. With the butt of his machine gun, Kusch drove the stakes into the ground and tied lengths of rope to each of them. Then the two men dragged the limp Jovanka to the staked area. Minutes later the two Nazis had her securely bound and spread-eagled, face upward.

"She's in for a surprise when she comes to, eh Karl?" chuckled the corporal. "Come on, let's get back. The major'll wonder what took us so long. And remember—mum's the word back in camp, mein friend."

Staked to the ground, 18-year-old Jovanka Budisavljevic, a private in Marshal Tito's Second Brigade of the Sixth Yugoslav Partisan Division, would certainly have died that day if it wasn't for Karl's smile on her. As it was, the girl was staked out there for nearly 10 hours before a hand of guerrilla scouts chanced upon her while reconnoitering the company of Nazi soldiers that had come into Bosnia as part of Hitler's invading German army. She was still unconscious.



Whenever possible, German security troops tried to capture partisans—only to pry information out of them, such as the location of mountain hideouts. After that the guerrillas were forced to dig their own graves—and then were shot.



and practically near death when they untied her and carried her several miles to a small farmhouse. First and kept her alive until she could be taken to a hospital.

The tough peasant girl who managed to survive that ordeal was no different perhaps from the thousands of other girls who joined the Yugoslav Partisans in 1942 after the Germans stormed into the Balkan country.

But Jovanka today is no ordinary woman. Now the former gun-toting guerrilla girl is the First Lady of her country. She's the wife of Yugoslavia's chief of state Marshal Josip Broz Tito, the 70-year-old Communist dictator who's been ruling his Slavic domain for some 20 years now.

Unlike most women who land husbands, Mrs. Tito "captured" her man by killing Nazi soldiers in the heat of battle and personally saving the life of the Marshal while serving as a sniper. If it hadn't been for her sharpshooting, Tito would certainly have been killed in a skirmish in 1944. He never forgot this. Later he married her after promoting her to major, a rank she still holds today on a reserve status.

There's an age gap of 32 years between Madame Tito and her husband. Ordinarily that might make a difference in a marriage—but Jovanka is ferocious in her feeling for her husband. Her marriage to Tito is solid. Such was the impression this reporter got in a rare interview with Yugoslavia's First Lady,

virtually unknown to the outside world because she prefers not to live in a gold-fish bowl.

Jovanka Tito has none of the fragile beauty Jacqueline Kennedy has. But what you can't take away from the Marshal's wife is that she qualifies as certainly the best-looking First Lady in Europe. Trim, sunette, big-shouldered and usually very, sun-tanned Jovanka Tito attracts every man's eye in Yugoslavia. Playing hostess to prince, president, and premier, the former guerrilla girl wins everybody with her flashy, sincere smile. She uses no lipstick, powder or rouge, doesn't polish her nails, shuns earrings and jewelry, and avoids high heels.

Yet she's all woman.

(Continued on page 44)



EUROPE'S BEST-LOOKING FIRST

lady, Jovanka Tito, is rarely seen in public, except at state functions—such as this dinner for the ex-premier of France, Pierre Mendès-France (center). Playing hostess to prime ministers, presidents, and princes, the former guerrilla girl has charmed the leaders of the world—including Soviet Premier, Nikita Khrushchev.

GUERRILLA QUEEN

(Continued from page 43)

Shapely all the way down, she has an upper expansion that measures close to some Hollywood actresses—somewhere in the 40-inch category, give or take a centimeter. Photogenic, Madame Tito has a smooth face with dimples, dark eyebrows and lustrous black hair that she keeps in a tight bun. Though only 5 feet 5 inches tall, she conveys an Amazon-like appearance, and every inch a First Lady.

Living in peaceful semi-seclusion, Jovanka and her husband both dote on animals. In their fashionable Belgrade villa, she keeps two playful bears and her pets while Tito raises canaries and goldfish as a hobby. Both of them are fond of boar hunting—and the Marshal often claims that his wife is a better shot with a high-powered rifle than he is. That may be true, because on any given hunting trip, Jovanka is more than likely to bring down more boar than her famous husband.

As the wife of a Balkan dictator, Madame Tito has it made. She and her husband own a castle at Brdo (where they spend the summer months), an impressive mansion in a fashionable suburb of Belgrade, Yugoslavia's capital, a villa on the island of Brioni in the Adriatic, a large farm at Belfe, another palace (complete with moat and drawbridge) at Bled, and elaborate hunting lodges in each of the six Yugoslav republics.

A Croatian, Jovanka was born in the village of Lika on December 7, 1924. When she was a child, her father (Mike Budinjevic) migrated to the United States during the 1930's and worked as a day laborer in Ohio and Illinois. Originally his intention was to earn enough money to bring his family across the Atlantic. Had he done so, Jovanka today might have been an American housewife living in the suburbs. Instead, Mike returned to Yugoslavia and settled down for good (he died in 1943).

Jovanka's mother passed away in 1935, and that left her to take care of two brothers and two younger sisters. She quit school to help the family, and before the war she cut hair, cooked, baked, washed, ironed, cleaned, and sewed—just like any other peasant girl.

In 1940 Jovanka came under the influence of Karl Marx. Although just a back-country teenager, she had been upset for some time by the fact that life for the people of her region was a constant struggle, for which many had to flee to other countries. She couldn't accept the mass migration taking place from her town, and considered it a

tragedy. After reading Marx, she became convinced that his theories were the solution to Yugoslavia's problems. Immediately she joined the underground movement to oust the monarchy. Dedicated to overthrowing the king, Jovanka worked at organizing young men and women and holding secret meetings in her home. Had she been caught, she would have been shot without a trial—usual punishment for underground communists of that period.

Jovanka fell in love with Stefan Matić, a young radical of Lika who died at the start of World War II. For many months before joining the guerrilla army, she laid flowers on his grave every week and recited a poem written in dedication of him by a fellow partisan.

In October 1942, Jovanka enlisted as a private in the partisan army after the Germans invaded and occupied her homeland. Only 17 years old at the time, she became a guerrilla after witnessing a Nazi atrocity in her home town. Through the threadbare curtain of her home, Jovanka one day watched a platoon of German soldiers undertaking a systematic search of houses in Lika.

She shivered as she watched two Gestapo officers emerge from a house directly across the street, dragging a cowering neighbor by the collar. One of the Germans kicked the man into the gutter. Although he fell to one knee for a moment, the man bounced up to stand in erect defiance. One of the Nazis sneered, walked up to him and calmly put a bullet into the man's face at a range of five inches. Terror-stricken, Jovanka watched as the man's wife now came running out into the street with a baby in her arms. The women fell to her knees next to her dead husband and began to wail.

Turning to the Gestapo officer who had just killed her husband, she screamed a curse. The Nazi ripped the baby from her arms and, as the woman pleaded with him, the soldier bashed the infant's head against the cobblestones. Now the grief-stricken mother rose, clenched her fists and began to pummel the German. Without any hesitation, the other Nazi quickly fired a slug into her neck. Eyes bulging she stood fully erect for nearly five seconds while the blood gushed out of the gaping wound. Disgusted by the long time she took to die, the Gestapo officer put another bullet through her heart, and she fell over onto her child's corpse.

Altogether, that day the Nazis massacred some 50 villagers—all personal friends of Jovanka, during the house to house search. Jovanka swore to avenge these senseless killings in her own way—and took up a gun and went to war.

About one third of Yugoslavia's partisan army was made up of women. Like most of them, Jovanka went barefoot. Also, rations were short. Sometimes she spent months at a time eating only mushrooms. Pine branches spread over the rocky ground regularly served as her bed.

Among the recruits from the fems ranks there was a sense of competition that ordinarily the male guerrillas never manifested. All the girls, especially Jovanka, tried to outdo one another to impress the men during the brief basic training. The 20 women going through their paces with Jovanka took a crash course in how to kill—using the rifle, machine gun, grenade, knife, and even a knotted cord for garroting. For night work they were taught quieter, more

subtle types of attack.

Jovanka even learned how to carry out her assignments in the nude. In the kind of war the Yugoslav partisans were waging against the Nazis, sometimes it was best to move naked because the very sound of clothing, however slight, might be, was something a guerrilla had to avoid at all costs. In order to sneak up on an enemy soldier on sentry duty or to enter his tent, Jovanka learned to slither along the ground in the dark like a shadow, completely naked, so that the victim would think any noise he heard was nothing more than the movement of an insect, before his attacker dispatched him with a sudden twisting thrust of a knife or with a quick dropping of a cord around his head. Curiously enough, the Yugoslavs discovered something unusual about police dog psychology—that such dogs wouldn't bark at a naked person in the night. This was one reason Jovanka learned how to swim streams undressed with a bayonet between her teeth or one between her buttocks.

Within six months Jovanka became one of the best "men" the partisans had. She fought in many skirmishes and patrol actions against the Nazis and probably killed more than her share of Germans. As a sniper, however, she excelled. Altogether, Jovanka picked off at least six Nazis and wounded several dozen more. In the Spring of 1943 she herself was hit in the right shoulder. She was captured by the Germans only because they chased her comrades down a mountainside before the guerrillas could pick up their wounded. Although all the other wounded partisans were executed that day by Private Karl, Jovanka owed her life to the corporal who raped her and decided to stake her out instead of shooting her. Her recovery after that ordeal took nearly three months—but it didn't daunt her one bit, and she was back in action that summer.

Perhaps Jovanka's most daring feat came on the afternoon of April 23, 1944. Unhappily, she accomplished something that had all of Yugoslavia's partisans in the night talking about her—and every Wehrmacht officer cursing her. It happened outside the roadblock of Sisak on the Zagreb road. Guarded by a German officer and four privates, it was an imposing mass of concrete blocking half the road with a swinging bar in barricade the other half when checking vehicles.

Jovanka and a friend of hers, Vera Mojsav, had been given orders to divert the attention of the five Germans while a squad of partisans sneaked by them for a special mission inside Zagreb, then a German stronghold. Both women carried rifles as well as grenades, and as they approached from the south, down a rough rock-strewn hillside into the fringe of bushes that skirted the road, the Germans spotted them and opened fire. As the two girls kept edging towards the roadblock, a ricocheting bullet hit Vera in the temple. She looked at Jovanka perplexedly for a moment, opened her mouth as if to speak, then dropped her rifle and collapsed, dead.

Jovanka was alone now. The trembling girl took Vera's grenades and continued snaking her way through the brush toward the roadblock. She was close enough now to hear the German officer yelling orders. While rifle bullets splattered around her, Jovanka pulled the pin on one of her grenades, counted three, and then lobbed it in a perfect arc over the roadblock. It was a text-

MAIL EARLY

IN THE DAY!

ZIP CODE
NUMBER
BELONG
IN ALL
ADDRESS



book throw—and the grenade burst as it landed.

After the explosion the smoke swirled over the block. All Jovanka could see was a projecting leg that twitched in the dust. She bobbed up for a second and counted four dead. One of the Germans was still very much alive, though wounded. Jovanka saw the flash of his rifle and heard bullets whistling over her head. She took another grenade and lobbed it at the survivor. When the smoke cleared, he was dead, too. That incident made Jovanka Budisavljevic something of a local heroine.

It was during an exchange of gunfire with a German detachment in Bosnia that Jovanka saved Tito's life in May 1944. Tito, commanding officer of the division that included Jovanka's Second Brigade, had been using a cave as his military headquarters when a Nazi attack, combined with heavy artillery fire, forced him to flee. Just as he reached the mouth of the cave, a German infantryman spotted him and raised his rifle to pick him off. Jovanka, at her post as a sentry and rear guard, saw the whole thing about to happen. Before the German could pull his trigger, Jovanka snapped her own rifle to her shoulder and blazed away. The first shot caught the German through the neck, spinning him around. The second bullet crashed into his jaw and tore away the lower half of his face. As he fell, Jovanka put another slug into his belly just for good measure.

Tito saw the whole thing. He grinned when he looked at the well-built brunette with a bandolier of cartridges across both shoulders and a holster around her thin waist. Then a hungry look spread across Tito's dirt-grimed features as he gave her the usual male appraisal from top to bottom. He never forgot her.

Later when Private Jovanka was wounded again and then came down with a case of typhus, Tito ordered her taken to a field hospital where his personal doctor nursed her. He even sent Stalin a special request for anti-typhus serum in an effort to save Jovanka's life when she took a turn for the worse. Because the Soviet dictator ignored the request and never bothered to send any serum, many observers claim that this incident became the seed that bloomed into Tito's ultimate break with Moscow in 1948.

Assigned to the Marshal's staff as a bodyguard, Jovanka was soon promoted from Private to Lieutenant. Not long after that she made Captain. In 1952, at the age of 27, Miss Budisavljevic rose to the rank of Major. But she hit the jackpot on April 25th of that year when Tito placed her on a reserve status and took her as his lawful wedded wife in a private ceremony in Belgrade.

Recently, they made a movie of some of Jovanka's guerrilla activities. Titled *Five Branded Women* (in Italy the film was called *Jovanka and The Others*), it starred Silvano Manganio in the lead role of Jovanka, which required the bosomey Italian to shave all the hair off her head. Shot in Yugoslavia with the cooperation of Tito's army, the Italian film didn't quite turn out the way the Marshal's wife had hoped. In fact, Mrs. Tito, who had turned down a part in the movie, was quite displeased over the phoney treatment given to Jovanka. By the time scriptwriters and the director had finished the film, it had no resemblance to Jovanka. Tito's guerrilla career.

One scene that particularly upset Madame Tito was the distorted handling of the role played by American actress Vera Miles. In the picture Vera was depicted as having an affair with a fellow partisan while doing overnight guard duty. After she fell into a deep sleep, several German soldiers managed to sneak by her post, endangering a camp full of sleeping guerrillas. In the film Vera and her overnight lover-boy were shot by a firing squad for their indiscretions.

Mrs. Tito didn't like the way the movie brought out the fact that Vera indulged in some hanky-panky while on duty. Although in real life the guerrilla girl was executed for having fallen asleep on guard patrol, it wasn't true she had engaged in sexual relations with another partisan. Since the real Vera had been Madame Tito's personal friend during much of their respective partisan careers, the First Lady offered strenuous objections to the way this part of the story unfolded.

Tito himself never saw the picture (too busy!), and since his wife has made it a policy never to interfere in his work or in state matters, she made no further objections to the uncensored movie which Yugoslavs viewed with bafflement.

Mrs. Tito's only intrusion into Yugoslavia politics comes whenever she is hostess at an official reception—which is very rare since the Titos don't like to give parties and prefer to stay home by themselves. On the occasion of the official visit of Soviet Premier Nikita S. Khrushchev, Mrs. Tito made a big hit.

Champagne-fuzzy Nikita took a shine to Tito's wife during a reception in Belgrade's Serbian Palace. Khrushchev spent a good part of the evening picking red roses off the banquet table decorations and presenting them to the Marshal's wife, as Tito stood by helplessly clinging to a grim protocol smile. Later when Mr. K. was walking out toward his limousine, Mrs. Tito leaned forward with a wry smile remarked: "I see the Russian bear also knows how to be a wolf!"

END

ranking. His work includes unique passes off rush options and running sets to confuse defenses and hypo rushing effectiveness. Dooley discusses his practices and drills, providing sections on Kicking Strategy, Coaching Offensive Backs and Game Plans, Design, Rehearsal and Implementation.

German Infantry Weapons Of World War II, by A.J. Barker, Arco Publishing Company, (Illustrated) \$3.50; Discussed herein are all the different types of weapons carried by the Nazi infantryman from Russia to North Africa. In-



cluded are small arms ammunition, pistols, sub-machine guns, rifles, machine guns, anti-tank weapons, grenades, mortars and certain other specialized pieces of equipment. You'll find such famous names as Luger, Walther, Mauser, and Schmeisser. The author served as a Lieutenant-Colonel in the British Infantry from 1936 to 1958.

To Lose A Battle: France, 1940, by Alistair Horn, Little, Brown & Company, \$12.50; By the 24th of May, 1940 it was all over. Germany's Panzers and Stuka bombers had overwhelmed the resistance of three great nations: France, England and Belgium. In less than two weeks. How could it have happened? How could the enemy's strength have been so underrated? How could the Allies' preparations have been so inadequate? Here are the answers in a thrilling war chronicle by the author who probed the underlying political, social and economic forces that created the tragic French defeat.

The Secret Road To World War II, Soviet versus Western Intelligence, by Paul W. Blackstock, Quadrangle Books, \$8.50; An extraordinary book detailing for the first time the secret struggle between espionage agencies of Russia and the West in the years between the two world wars. Based on original source, this gripping story traces the events which culminated in the Great Purges, decimated the Soviet military command and left Stalin in supreme control of a totalitarian state.



Our Criminal Society, by Edwin ■ Schur, Prentice-Hall, \$5.95; A sociologist well-known for his work in criminology, the author presents a clear, jargon-free explanation of the causes and types of crime and outlines a long-needed plan to close the "value gap" which creates crime. "Crime is not beyond our control," Schur insists, "but to stop it will take more than harsher punishments."

Developing A Superior Football-Control Attack, by Vince Dooley, Parker Publishing Company, (Illustrated) \$7.95; The University of Georgia football coach tells the secrets of the ground game that brought his team national

JUNGLE KILLERS

(Continued from page 25)

To the waiting and anxious group of officers at Stilwell's headquarters, the message meant that Merrill's Marauders—or what remained of them after dysentery, malaria, typhus and Japanese bullets had taken their toll—had just accomplished one of the most fantastic feats of the war.

Dashing through murderous, enflaming Japanese fire to grab the key north Burma stronghold of Myitkyina, Merrill's Marauders had reached their goal—after crossing 800 miles of mountains, rivers and jungles, and fighting four bloody engagements before the last voracious battle.

In the bargain, Merrill's Marauders—hardbitten veterans of the Guadalcanal nightmare—had succeeded in beating the pants off Japan's Asiatic force under General Rensu Malauchi's 15th Corps. For Frank Dow Merrill, founder and fighting commander of the unique Ranger outfit, it was indeed one hell of a victory.

When the 5307th Composite Unit was formed several months before, and the assignment of whipping its 3,000 volunteers into combat shape fell to Brigadier General Merrill, the soldiers were led to believe that the rewards for the nameless "dangerous and hazardous mission" was disbandment of the unit, after finishing its assignment, and eventual rotation to the States. Such being the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, General Merrill had plenty of volunteers—all of them battle-hard-

ened, no-holds-barred veterans of the savage jungle war in the Solomons.

The 5307th's job? Complete, and if possible surprise penetration behind the Japanese front to set up roadblocks and otherwise engage and distract overwhelming enemy units as Stilwell's Chinese forces pushed toward Myitkyina. Heavy firepower, high mobility, and jungle-guerrilla tactics were the American's ace in the hole against the more numerous Japs; there was to be no retreat—and no excuses for not achieving their objective. It was, as they all realized, an awfully tall order—a fatal one for many. But for the survivors, there was the reward of going home. Merrill's Marauders shaped up swiftly.

Born in Hopkinton, Massachusetts, the commander of the 5307th Composite Unit was a rock-bottom soldier. In 1922, Frank Merrill, serving with the 11th Engineers in Panama, rose in three years from private to staff sergeant. Not once but five times young Merrill, who wore glasses for astigmatism, took the competitive examinations for West Point, and was rejected. On the sixth attempt perseverance finally paid off, and he was accepted to the Military Academy on the Hudson in New York. He graduated in 1929.

In 1938 Frank Merrill served as assistant military attache, in the U.S. Embassy, Tokyo, and studied the Japanese and Chinese dialects. He was promoted to captain in June 1939, and when he was made a major in October 1941, the studious-looking, soft spoken Merrill drew Manila in the Philippines as

his next assignment. On reaching the islands, he became Gen Douglas MacArthur's intelligence officer.

On December 7, 1941, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. Major Frank Merrill was in Rangoon, Burma, on a mission for General MacArthur. Instead of returning to his command, Merrill was ordered to remain in that theatre and to become Gen Joe Stilwell's aide. It was a job which time and disposition had properly schooled him for. When Stilwell decided to evacuate Burma, Major Merrill marched into India along with him.

In May 1942, Merrill, now a lieutenant colonel, received the Purple Heart and Distinguished Service Medal for "singularly meritorious" service in Burma. In 1943 he was promoted to a full colonel, and began gathering his battalion of combat veterans who had seen action at Munda, Buna and Guadalcanal. It was Merrill's job to whip these jungle killers into a Ranger team patterned somewhat on the order of Wingate's Chindits and Carlson's Raiders, drilling them for future operations in the green hell of Burma. It was for this far-flung operation that Merrill, in November 1943, received his brigadier general's star.

"Well! walk back into Burma," declared the boss of the Marauders in February 1944. He meant every word of it, and more.

Under the command of Vinegar Joe Stilwell, an Allied army (including contingents of Chinese troops), was set to push north to Myitkyina, key Japanese stronghold in northern Burma and main air base from which Jap fighters threatened to sever the air route from India to China. If the Japs succeeded in intercepting supplies being flown over the Himalayas to Chiang Kai-shek's hard-pressed legions, China would wither on the vine and collapse. Stilwell, with a newly carved-out road from Ledo in northern India, would fight overland until he reached the Burma Road and reopen the land route to China.

So, with Merrill's troops trained and eager, always thinking of "rotation" after the job was finished, the scene then, in February 1944, was set for the Marauders to either make their historic drive and do their damndest to keep the Japs busy, or to die in the attempt. From Ledo in Assam, India, they began their trek.

No other American force anywhere in the world had ever moved so far or had showed as much endurance under such impossible conditions as Merrill's fast-moving, hard-hitting Marauders. For the four months following their jump into the hellish rain forests of Burma, supplied by airdrops and with mules and their own brogans as their only transport, the Marauders slogged and fought their way through the most physically punishing terrain in the world.

Battling Jap troops, from patrols in full scale battalions, by day and night—sometimes without food or water for 48 hours—the Marauders relentlessly carved their niche among the nation's fighting greats. At Walawbum, Shaduzup, Inkanghtawng, and Miangkwan, they met blistering fire with fire and waded through waist-high, leech-infested waters meeting and killing Japs. On more than one occasion they fought in jungles so thick, they had to hack the undergrowth with a machete in one hand—



"Try asking for the car keys without using any four letter words!"

and a rifle or submachine gun in the other. But this ■ what they had been trained for, and this was what killed 43 of them.

After three weeks' march over the Naga Hills and into the Hukawng Valley, the Marauders made a wide, swift sweep around the Japanese flank at Mawngwan and stabbed into the rear of the enemy at Walaubunt. It was there that they justified Merrill's faith in them. Digging in across the road that was the Japs' only route for supplies and reinforcements, they settled down for the attack that everyone knew had to come. And they didn't have to wait long. Within hours, they got hit. Oblivious of screaming "Banzi!" Merrill's Marauders took the full-throated Nip charges and cut down 600 enemy troops. It was as Merrill called it, "heartening."

Under Col William L. Osborne of Los Angeles, one contingent of Marauders, accompanied by Chinese troops, climbed through the mountains at the southern end of the Hukawng Valley, fighting small groups of Japanese all the way—40 continuous miles of fighting that exacted a heavy toll of Nips.

At the same time, the rest of the Marauders began their incredible left flanking march of 70 miles ■ three days over mountains for hit-and-run strikes at the harried troops of the crack Japanese 15th Corps. It was the 15th, cream of the Nipponese jungle specialists, who almost broke the back of Merrill's daring diversionary attack. For 14 days an unprecedented hit-and-run battle raged through the Burmese "aw" forests.

At one stage the battalion was completely surrounded by the Japanese and being pounded day and night by artillery. Merrill, a pipe in his mouth, a rifle in his hands, strode up and down the perimeter cursing the Japs. "We're losing time, dammit! Stilwell needs time and we're losing it." Maybe it was this, or maybe it was a premonition that if they didn't smash the ring drawn around them, they'd all be slaughtered to the last man, that gave Merrill's men the determination to bust out. But somewhere along the line they managed a breakthrough. After that, they rolled up the Japanese line, almost annihilating every enemy soldier—2,000 in one spot—■ the Marauders swept inexorably ahead.

There were other tight spots, and other enemies. Amoebic dysentery, scrub typhus, malaria and combat fatigue began to take their toll. Men cracked, before it was over, many a battle-hardened vet who'd withstood the terror of Guadalcanal praying for a bullet. Not counting the dead, of the 3,000 Marauders, 1,970 would be unfit for any future duty. Calling it "rough" would be the understatement of the century.

Before the big push to Myitkyina, the Marauders teamed up with Chinese units. Regardless of personal inconvenience, Frank Merrill always hung up front with his troops. He was no "head-quarters" commander. His weak eyes and bad heart were secondary—what was first in his mind was the constant reminder that he had a job to do for Stilwell. When the first coronary caught up with him, he rebelled, refusing to be evacuated until finally ordered out.

After two weeks' rest Frank Merrill, the indefatigable Marauder, went back into the jungles to lead his men in the final push toward Myitkyina. At 1:55 a.m. on May 16, 1944, the message

"Cafeteria Lunch" was flashed to Stilwell. Frank Merrill and his jungle killers had done their job; the Japs had been pushed out and the airfield had been cleared of obstructing drums, logs and barrels. Then, 20 minutes after Merrill's signalman had tapped out the coded message, gliders under Brig. Gen. Bill Old, poured onto the 1,550-yard flying strip with engineers and equipment. It was immediately after the gliders touched down that the Marauder chief had his second heart attack.

There, for a moment, Merrill's story ended. He had achieved his goal: penetrating the Jap rear areas, harassing the enemy until he was off-balance, and then annihilating those troops that stood in his way. He was out of action when Japanese reinforcements arrived and a major battle for the airstrip ensued. The Marauders, whittled down to 1,310 men, were ordered to fight alongside Chinese and British troops. It was a last ditch stand—one which General Stilwell himself had ordered—and it meant, literally, shoving every available man back into the breach—including the spent Marauders.

But it was this order, apparently misunderstood or too literally interpreted, that caused the morale collapse and unofficial sidown strike among the Marauders. These hobbling, feverish men had done their job; they had penetrated 800 miles of tortuous jungle; had beaten the Japs in four major engagements and had held, despite raw wounds and temperature-wracked bodies. They had even gone on in the Myitkyina kill, truly overextending themselves.

The news of the sidown strike in the wake of the last-ditch stand that held Myitkyina evoked a spontaneous flood

of tears from Vinegar Joe. "Not them—they weren't supposed to send the Marauders back!" Stilwell sobbed.

In June, what remained of Merrill's Marauders was officially disbanded, and the promise to "send 'em home on rotation" was made good in small groups, as they recovered, the jungle veterans were flown home to the States.

As to Merrill, his second heart attack was followed shortly by a third in Manila, and in 1948, he retired as a Major General. Acutely conscious of the achievements of his men, Frank Merrill would faithfully attend their annual reunions and correspond with them regularly.

In 1949, New Hampshire's Governor, Sherman Adams appointed Merrill highway commissioner for his state. With characteristic enthusiasm, Merrill plunged in to his work.

At 52, Frank Merrill, en route from Jacksonville, Fla., to his New Hampshire home after attending a meeting of highway officials, succumbed to his fourth and fatal coronary.

"We'll walk back into Burma," Merrill had declared to his 5307th Composite Unit that somebody decided to call the Marauders. It was a promise he kept.

"He was a quiet, almost shy man," a Marauder aide said of Frank Merrill. "Lots of times he'd bivouac with the boys on the perimeter, eat K rations and shoot the breeze with them. Unless you knew which poncho he was under, you couldn't tell him from his boys."

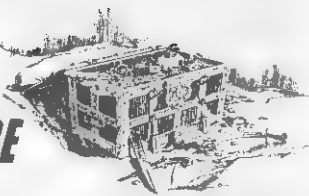
That, as any combat vet will tell you, is the kind of officer any man will follow ■ hell. Ask the Marauders—they did! **END**





"Come back to the states with me, I can
at least guarantee you a job as a waitress!"

BURIED TREASURE



AMERICAN HOME OWNERS are being swindled out of one billion dollars yearly by "Fix-up" fakes. These phony household repair racketeers cause more than 250,000 complaints annually to the Better Business Bureau, more than any other racket. . . .

IF YOU THINK THAT you can't possibly make a million dollars in your lifetime, take a tip from William H. Lear, Sr., producer of aircraft instruments and equipment.

This self-made millionaire says the way to do it is sixfold: (1) Learn to communicate. (2) Learn when to quit a job. (3) Build a nest egg. (4) Work an extra hour a day. (5) Develop a little insecurity. (6) Use common sense. . . .

HUNDREDS OF BRIDES are left waiting at the altar every day in America because there's no food for the wedding party.

Catering crooks are self-styled party merchants who follow engagement announcements in the local newspapers, then visit the future bride's family to "sell" a huge catered wedding. After getting a healthy deposit, they simply vanish. . . .

THE U.S. SECRET SERVICE WARNS that counterfeiting is at an all-time high, and improved printing processes and methods make it easier than ever for the forger or counterfeiter to operate.

Following is a guide on how best to compare a suspected bill with one that you know is genuine:

1. **PORTRAIT:** On a genuine bill, the face is lifelike and stands out sharply; on a counterfeit, the face is lifeless and the background usually too dark.

2. **PAPER:** Distinctive paper marks a genuine bill, with interspersed colored threads that show; most counterfeit bills have no colored threads.

3. **COLORS SEAL:** The sawtooth points on a real bill are even, clear and sharp; on a counterfeit bill the points are uneven, blunt and broken off.

4. **BORDER:** The fine lines that crisscross the border on a genuine bill are clear, distinct and unbroken; on a counterfeit bill, lines are not clear or distinct.

If you find you have a bogus bill, advises the Secret Service, telephone them or the police immediately, and also write down a description of the passer and of anyone who accompanied

pression in my eyes. "Joe's gone to Goshen for a couple of days. He likes the trotters. I can live without horses. They leave me cold."

There it was. Right out on the line. Mrs. Joe was as available as she would ever be. Joe had done her the favor of getting lost for two or three days. I knew that later on that night I would be in Mrs. Joe's room.

I knew what it would be like. There'd be no coyness, no false modesty. Mrs. Joe would call all the shots. She'd meet me in something soft, clinging and transparent. The lights would be subdued, perhaps just a silver coming from the bathroom. She'd offer me a drink and I'd accept. We'd sip the whiskey in a silent toast to each other. Neither of us would talk much. You don't talk when both parties know what they're after. There's no need for the words which are designed to convince.

The soft transparent thing would flutter to the floor. She'd be wearing nothing under it. As I watched, Mrs. Joe would turn back the blanket. I'd see the crisp clean sheets. Mrs. Joe would moisten her lips. She'd turn slowly to me. There would be an expression of surrender and challenge in her eyes. She'd sit on the side of the bed, her knees crossed, her head thrown back, resting her weight on her arms. Her breathing would become a little ragged and shallow as I unbuttoned my shirt.

How did I know all these things?

him, if possible. Write your own initials on the bill, and the date you received it.

THE NATIONAL EDUCATION ASSOCIATION now urges schools to institute guidance sessions where teenagers can learn more mature practices in the handling of money.

In 1964, teenagers spent \$11 billion for hero sandwiches, Beanie wigs, Rock-and-Roll records, off-beat clothes, cosmetics, and recreation. Every year the figure is rising. By 1980, spending for that age group is expected to reach \$24 billion. . . .

THE RENTAL BUSINESS, from tools to toboggans, has mushroomed into a fascinating new business opportunity, with plenty of room for enterprising newcomers.

The U.S. Commerce Department acclaim it as the hottest trend today.

LUST BELT

(Continued from page 35)

Simple. It's happened to me almost a hundred times in the last two years. Mrs. Joe is only one of the paying guests who's looking for more than mountain scenery and the bracing Catskill air.

Mrs. Joe selected me because I happened to be there. Her interest in me matches mine in her. Six or eight weeks from now I won't remember her name. The chances are very good that she won't remember what I look like. But as she sat in the coffee shop, she'd decided I was the most important guy in the world to her for only one reason. I was there.

Instead of being a basketball player who doubled as a counterman in the resort's coffee shop, I could have just as easily been the young doctor who received a two-week vacation in return for his medical services or the boat boy on the waterfront. Just so long as I had youth, sinew and no permanent girl of my own, I had a duty to provide guests with a comfort they never listed in the brochure.

LET me explain the set up to you. You'll find me and guys like me at just about every turn off along the New York State Thruway (Governor Thomas E. Dewey Expressway). We show up about Memorial Day or as soon after semester finals as possible. We stay on until the Sunday after Labor Day. We're given lodging, a minimum salary, whatever tips we

can make and instructions to be gentlemen (but broad minded gentlemen).

In return we work as athletic instructors in the resort's children's day camp, life guards, busboys, waiters.

There is a resort basketball league made up of teams of resident staffs of the various hotels and country clubs. Since I play college ball, the real reason for my being hired is to join the team. Of course I get paid for my waiter's job. In that way my amateur standing is not compromised.

Through double talk, the resort manager let me know that sex under the sun was an important consideration to vacationing New Yorkers. The nub of his message was that he would rely on me to use the proper amount of discretion. If there were any incidents, I'd get booted all the way back to the Bronx.

My first week on the job I realized just how wild the goings-on were in southeast New York State. After I had accompanied my third resort "widow" to bed, I recognized that what went on in the lust belt could not be imitated anywhere else. There's something very special about the Catskills.

First of all this area which was once sleepy farm country is a geographical freak. It begins just fifty ■ seventy five miles north of New York. Its location becomes significant because ■ draws a heavy weekend crowd, being easily accessible to the city. This means that on any given weekend, winter or summer, the resorts are swamped with frustrated single girls. They'd rather leave town Friday Night than stare at a non-ringing telephone on Saturday night. The preponderance of unescorted "weekend women" should be self explanatory.

However, if the Catskills are close enough for an inexpensive weekend, they are far enough away so that they do not lend themselves to daily commutation. And herein lies the real opportunity and responsibility of the resident staff.

A good many husbands send their wives out of the steaming caverns of New York for the summer. But if they can afford this kind of thing, they usually own their own businesses. You can figure the rest. Husband stays in town from Monday through Thursday. Wife basks in country sunlight alone and unwatched. How long does it take her to become restless? Not very.

If you stop to think about it, you can't feel too sorry for the cuckolded husband. He's been around long enough to know the score. Perhaps he has a wife he can trust. There are some women who come to resorts

and never get involved. But I've been in too many guest rooms to say all women are sweet, chaste and unsullied.

Resort talk is sex talk. Listen to the hack drivers (rented limousines which make the daily Thruway run.)

"You going there? Great place. No keys to the doors. Every night they ring a bell at four o'clock. That's the signal for everybody to go back to their own room."

"Listen, there are two kinds of men. Single men and those who leave their wives at home."

"So this guy's with this girl on the dance floor. He's cutting a mean mambo and he's getting ideas. He says to the girl, 'Honey, let's not waste time. I'm only here for the weekend.' She looks at him and coos, 'I know. I'm dancing as fast as I can.'"

No comedian would perform before a Catskill audience unless he came well armed with off color stories. Sex and mingling are the big attractions.

AND there's another element which enters into it. That is the interest in gambling. I don't care what time of night you walk through the card room. You'll find action. Poker, gin, canasta. They're played for big stakes.

Our bar opens at noon and keeps going until 3 a.m. The guests can drink at pool side, lake side, in their

rooms, just about anywhere. When the liquor goes into a very proper wife who's not used to drinking, watch out. Her inhibitions will come flying off with her panties.

The entire Catskill social climate indicates a retreat from care and propriety. Cleverly worded advertising builds this illusion. I think many guests come here looking for the thrill that's missing in their at home lives.

In an atmosphere where gambling, sensual entertainment, drinking, and ritual dancing (nobody fox trots, everyone is taking courses in the more abandoned of the Latin rhythms) the female guests get ideas of their own.

Now give them a chance to view the sun tanned torsos of guys who are still young enough to be athletes. I'm no Adonis, this I know for sure. But a size 32 waist must look mighty good to Mrs. Joe after a year of seeing her husband add rolls of blubber to his body.

Being with me makes her feel she's recapturing her lost youth. She doesn't have any tender thoughts concerning me. I am merely a device which allows her to hold back the hands of the clock for a few more days or weeks. I become her retreat from physical reality.

I'd like to point out that most of the women who go in for summertime flings are by no means on the down-



grade. A lot of them are breathtakingly beautiful.

That's because they'll average anywhere from ten to twenty years younger than their husbands. These are the women who married for money. They don't mind romancing with a guy like me, but they'd never struggle with me. They wanted a king-sized safe deposit box, diamonds, a steady house maid and all the rest. Now they have them and it's still not enough. There is no romance. Not when their husbands are getting the first twinges of prostatitis, hypertension and all the rest of the sad assortment of diseases of middle age.

Mrs. Joe tries to forget as she presses her naked body to mine. She closes her eyes. Her arms clutch onto me with an unbelievable fierceness. She cries out her need. She begs me to restore her image of herself as a devilishly attractive female.

I do what she demands. I do it in the knowledge that if I don't somebody else will. I do it with a sense of sadness and perhaps a slight contempt. I know that all I really have going for me is youth and strength. I wonder whether twenty years from now, my own wife will come to this resort haven from reality in the hopes of finding a member of the resident staff who will restore her. END

TENDERFOOT WANTON

(Continued from page 32)

cattle. They had stomped him to death.

"I want to love you," Polly said. Buchanan's mouth dropped open. Not even the harlots who hung around the soldiers at Fort Hall were this brash. Besides, he was the last man in Idaho you'd expect Polly would want to love.

He was still trying to figure what she was up to when she said, "I'll lay it out, Buchanan: If you love me you'll support me just to have me around when you want to love again—and I need supportin'."

Maybe, Buchanan reflected, she meant it.... McKernon hadn't left her enough to buy a pot of beans. He looked at her again, especially at her basque jacket, which was a couple of sizes too small. Suddenly she jerked the jacket off. "Lord a'mighty...." he mumbled, staring at her endowments, which were something to stare at.

She slid off the Appaloosa and unsnapped her skirt. It fell around her ankles. Buchanan's eyes bugged—she hadn't been wearing anything under the skirt. "Let's love," she purred.

Buchanan's tongue flicked over his lips. "If this is some kind of trick," he said, "you'll get what your mule-head husband got.... and everybody'll think it was another accident."

"All I want is rent and eatin' money...."

Buchanan looked into Polly's face. Then he seized her hand and took her to the shade under an aspen. Immediately she sprawled onto the grass. "Hurry," she said, looking up at Buchanan whose hands tremored while he tore at his shirt.

A moment later she began to love the big rancher with a fervor he had never experienced.

A long time later he gasped, "I need a drink of whiskey." He started to get up to go to his saddlebag.

Polly seized his hand. "Let's do a little more loving first," she cooed.

Buchanan looked at her supple, vibrant body. "All right," he said.

He loved her again. This time when he finished he mumbled, "I think I'll rest a couple minutes before I get the whiskey."

"Hell with the whiskey," Polly said. "Let's Cheyenne-love."

"Lord no, woman! I ain't up to it!"

"Just for a little while.... please."

Buchanan didn't have a chance and when it was over he mumbled dazedly, "Reach into my poke, Polly, and take the money you need."

Polly rode away a few minutes later. But Buchanan, stupefied by Polly's lovemaking, laid on the grass for a half hour before he got up and staggered to his big Morgan gelding. He was still so debilitated that he had to make three tries to climb onto this mount. Then he rode to his house, which was a white frame Texas-style structure with a glass enclosed dog trot and a bay window overlooking the Snake river.

His wife Bessie was a faded, overweight blonde who had been the canary at the Silver Lady saloon in Laramie. Though no longer either young or pretty her ardor hadn't diminished and a couple of moments after she and Buchanan turned in for the night she said, "What's the matter with you?"

"Nothin'," Buchanan said wearily. "I just ain't in the mood. I want to sleep."

"You've been dinkin' that dance hall trash in Blackfoot!" Bessie accused.

"No I ain't!" Buchanan said. "I just don't happen to want to love. Now shut up and let me sleep."

Bessie didn't shut up. Conscious of her eroding charms, she accused Buchanan of consorting with the harlots at Wapello, Fort Hall.... even with Blackfoot squaws.

"It's the Lord's truth!" he said angrily. "I never dinked none of them women!"

Bessie had a persistent mouth and a little later Buchanan said the hell with it and got up and went to the couch in the parlor. Soon he was snoring—and dreaming about Polly McKernon's lovemaking.

Meanwhile Polly, sprawled on her bed in the Antlers Hotel in Blackfoot, shuddered as she thought of the many times she'd have to consort with Buchanan before her incredible plot succeeded.

Her scheme to love-kill this wealthy but ruthless rancher had its inception when she and her husband Jim McKernon—who were farming in Fayette county, Ohio—got the homestead fever.

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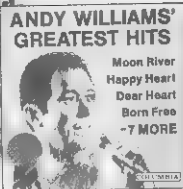
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arrived in the Snake valley June 3, 1871.

They were elated. Side-oats grama, a nutritious bunch grass, grew prolifically. Stock love this grass and because it cures itself with the first frost, cattle can do their own harvesting.

McKernon filed on a quarter section and pre-empted another 160 acres and began to cut and haul timber for his house, barn and corral. A month later he fenced his half section and purchased thirty Hereford cows and a bull with horns like rapiers. "At \$20 a head that brute will breed us rich!" he said happily.

He hadn't figured on big-time cowmen like Roy Buchanan who resented 'two-bit hoofers' coming in and fencing off range on which they had run their cattle.

"I want the kibosh put on Mc Kernon," Buchanan said to his men the morning of July 28, 1871, "and I want it put on before that little dude gets all his kin out here!"

At midnight a black whiskered hard-core named Jack Stadler and two other Buchanan men cut McKernon's north fence then ran his cattle into a draw in the Lundeen Hills. They built a fire and red-headed a branding iron and applied Buchanan's Double Bar Seven (1-7) over McKernon's JM brand.

An hour after dawn McKernon and Polly saddled up and began to look for their cattle.

Six hours later they found them in Buchanan's North Park herd. "There ain't the slightest doubt they're ours," McKernon said.

Infuriated, he and Polly rode to Buchanan's house. "I'll get them critters back to you just as fast as my boys can cut 'em out," Buchanan said. Then he added grimly, "When I found out who done that rustlin' there's gonna be some hangin's!"

"Much obliged," McKernon said, convinced that he was fortunate to have so cooperative a neighbor.

The next day Stadler and four brush

poppers flushed 40 head of range cattle out of the valley's most remote areas and chivvied them into Mc Kernon's corral. "We couldn't find the exact same critters that got stole," Stadler said, "but Mister Buchanan said to give you a few extras to make up for what you've went through."

"That's mighty neighborly of him," McKernon said, conjuring up a vision of the profit he would make from the extra head.

"These critters may be a little spooky for a day or two," Stadler said, "but they'll simmer down after you feed and water 'em here in the corral a couple times. In fact they're probably hungry now."

"I'll cut some hay and feed them right away," McKernon said.

Stadler and his colleagues waved farewell and rode away. Minutes later they were on the pine knoll which flanked the west boundary of McKernon's spread. They got off their horses and laid on the grass and looked down at the corral. "This is gonna be hilarious," Stadler said, shifting his tobacco to his other cheek. "Ten bucks says McKernon don't last two minutes."

No one called. The whitefaces in the corral were cimarrones (wild cattle). "The Lord help you," Sylvester Merrill, buyer for Armour & Sons wrote in 'Cattle Trade of the West', "if you encounter cimarrones. These beasts have regressed to the ferocity and treachery of their forbears and they like nothing better than to lurk in brush and ambush a rider who dismounts."

But McKernon, unwise in the ways of the West, did not know of this and after he scythed his buckboard full of grama hay he forked it over the corral. Then he pumped two buckets of water and opened the corral's gate and carried them inside, intending to dump them into the watering trough.

The cimarrones, munching on the hay, seemed oblivious of his presence. But the moment he was a dozen

feet into the corral they whirled and charged.

Polly, who was inside the house, heard his terrible scream. By the time she sprinted across the yard and climbed onto the corral's top rail what was left of her husband wasn't recognizable.

"Finish the job tonight, boys," Buchanan said after Stadler reported to the big rancher.

At midnight Stadler and his cronies set fire to McKernon's house and barn. Polly, exhausted by the physical and emotional strain of burying McKernon's grisly remains, was sleeping. She barely got out the door before the roof collapsed.

The barn was about to collapse, too. She ran into it and untethered her Appaloosa mare and led this terrified horse into the night. Then, after the Appaloosa quieted down, she rode her into Blackfoot.

"When the hay in the barn suddenly flared up," she said to Marshal Rollie Campbell the next morning, "I saw Jack Stadler and the other men who had brought the cattle. They were laughing. I think they set the fires.... I also think they knew those cattle would stomp Jim."

"Of course they did," Campbell said. "Buchanan wanted to get rid of you folks like he get rid of everybody else who cuts into his range."

"What are you going to do about it?" "Nothing, Mrs. McKernon. I would be your word against three damn liars. And even if it was one to one you'd lose. Buchanan owns this part of Idaho lock, stock and barrel. Including the circuit judges."

Polly looked miserably at the grim young marshal. "Does he own you, too?" she said.

"Nobody owns me, Mrs. McKernon," Polly began to sob. "If you ain't got the money for stage fare back home," Campbell said, "I'll be purely glad to lend it to you."

Polly wiped her fears. "I'll go home," she said, "when I've made Buchanan pay for what he did to us!"

"You wouldn't have a chance. He's the most treacherous...."

Campbell didn't say the rest. Polly had gotten up and gone out and slammed the door.

For two days Polly tried to find a job. "It's no use," Marshal Campbell said. "Buchanan's put the Indian sign on you with the business people—he owns them all one way or another. You'd best go back home and forget you ever came out here."

"I'll go when Buchanan's a corpse!" Polly said tight-lipped.

During the night, while she tossed restlessly on her bed in the Antlers Hotel—whose rent Marshal Campbell

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was paying—she conceived the scheme which was to make her a legend in the history of the Old West.

Mid-afternoon the next day she cajoled Buchanan into loving her, a feat which left him with neither interest nor capacity for his wife Bessie's charms.

He could hardly wait to saddle up and ride to town the next evening. "A buyer from Seattle's gonna be there," he said to Bessie.

For two hours he romped with Polly. Then he rode back to his ranch. "You've got a woman somewhere!" Bessie accused after Buchanan rejected her advances.

"Aw, go to hell," Buchanan muttered. He didn't even hear Bessie's comments....he was so fatigued that he had dropped off to sleep.

For three weeks Buchanan came to Polly's room. Each time she loved him so vigorously that he could seldom ride home without stopping to rest. Twice during this period, to placate Bessie, he attempted to love her, too. The results infuriated Bessie.

THE twenty-second day Polly rode to Buchanan's spread. "Why don't you pack up and get the hell out," she said to Bessie. "It's Roy and me from now on."

Though Bessie had long been convinced that her husband had another woman on the string she hadn't expected this woman to come into her own home and demand that she get out. When she got over the shock she began to curse Polly. But Polly didn't hear much of it; she was already on her way to the Appaloosa.

Two hours later, after Buchanan came home to supper, Bessie began to abuse him with language that would have shamed a muleskinner. "I ain't taking that kind of mouth off nobody!" he said angrily.

She jerked a derring from her skirt. Before she could pull its trigger Buchanan flipped out his .44s and fired.

He married Polly McKernon a week after Bessie's funeral.

A month elapsed. The evening of September 26, 1871 Buchanan lit up a cigar after supper and, as usual, went into his office.

After he was engrossed in the papers on his desk Polly slipped a .44 from his gun belt, which was suspended from a wall peg in the kitchen. She cocked the .44 and went to the office. "Turn around, Roy," she said.

Buchanan turned around. He looked incredulously at the .44. Then he looked up at Polly's face. "You murdering son of a bitch," she said, "did you really think I loved you?"

Before Buchanan could reply Polly pulled the trigger.

She drove a buckboard into Blackfoot the next day and tethered the horse on Marshal Campbell's rail and went inside. "I want you to help me with Buchanan's burying," she said, "then I want you to become my foreman."

"You mean...." Campbell stammered. "I thought all the time you...." "I killed him with love," Pollysaid. "It was the only way I could."

Campbell stared unbelievably at the little woman. Then he went out and lifted the canvas in the back of the buckboard.

He went back into the office and took off his star and flung it onto his desk. "Let's get him planted," he said, "and then get out to your ranch."

"Our ranch." Polly said with a wink that had just one meaning.

END

SEX ZOMBIES

(Continued from page 17)

from loose flowing bloomers to today's raiment. With summer coming up spend a day at the beach and you'll see about as much nudity as the Amazon warriors sported in their hey day. The hipster bikini would appear the ultimate. ■ reminds one of Kipling's description of Gunga Din's loin cloth which was "nothing much up front and rather less than half of that behind."

However even the bikini is in for a reduction. One noted expert on women's fashions has predicted that within the next decade the bra top of swim suits will go the way of the dodo bird. Now the big question is when this event takes place will it be confined to publicity hungry Hollywood starlets? One would rather doubt it.

There is a hidden significance behind the wild desire to take off clothes publicly. It is the feminist announcing through her actions that she is entirely in charge when it comes to matters of sex.

She says, "I will enflame the instincts of all men. Then I will make my selection. I need no veiling as protection. I am in complete control."

If the bikini and stretch pants are symptoms of the plot to make you a sex zombie, they are not the only ones. There can be no doubt that we are living in a matriarchal society where women call the tune and men dance to their own graves. Your training from infancy is to reverse these god-like creatures. Your own rights are never clearly defined to you. The chances are better than average that you have been educated to consider your own father as something less than adequate. Since you can't respect him, you find it impossible to identify with him and therefore cannot respect yourself.

Brainwashed to believe that your sole function is to protect and support, you mortgage your life to do the bidding of your chosen sex symbol. You are victimized by a ruthless foe with a bag of tricks which are beneath scorn.

A medical friend of ours recently told us of a case in point. His patient, a young, vital sexpot of twenty nine had fallen victim to a slight case of glandular fever. Most people with this ailment find themselves able to carry out their daily chores without too much difficulty. But Sally (the patient's name) thought differently about her situation.

She approached the doctor to recommend a private nurse to attend her in her decorator designed boudoir. "What for?" the medico demanded in surprise.

Adjusting her well endowed figure more comfortably and fluttering her conspiratorial eyelashes, Sally confided, "To tell you the truth, Doctor, my husband has been a little cold and distant lately. He accuses me of spending too much money and says I'm the reason he has to work so hard. I figure that if he sees a trained nurse around the house and realizes that I'm fragile, he'll stop these scenes."

Being a man and a physician, our friend told Sally off as she had never been told off in her life. "You have one hell of a nerve!" he shouted. "You're condemning your husband to a premature coronary. You're holding out on him sexually. You're spending money he hasn't earned yet. Now you want me to contribute to a lie. I wouldn't do what you ask to any man. And let me tell you that either you straighten up and fly right or you can find yourself another doctor."

LUCKILY Sally's husband had an unknown friend. However you may not be that lucky. You may spend your life chained to an iceberg who has decided to withdraw herself from you physically. Although she has abdicated her role as a wife, don't think she'll let you forget that you're a husband. Your responsibilities will end only when the six huskies carry your coffin up the hill to the grave yard.

Did you ever stop to think of where you stand on her priority list? Certainly not before the children. Not be-

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COMPRESSION READINGS — DODGE TRUCK

	Cylinder 1	Cylinder 2	Cylinder 3	Cylinder 4	Cylinder 5	Cylinder 6
Before	87 lbs.	75 lbs.	75 lbs.	80 lbs.	75 lbs.	85 lbs.
After	100 lbs.	110 lbs.	107 lbs.	95 lbs.	105 lbs.	118 lbs.

TEST #2

Engine Compression Completely Restored ■ Pontiac

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Compression Readings — Pontiac

	Cylinder 1	Cylinder 2	Cylinder 3	Cylinder 4	Cylinder 5	Cylinder 6
Before	105 lbs.	95 lbs.	107 lbs.	120 lbs.	120 lbs.	125 lbs.
After	125 lbs.	120 lbs.	120 lbs.	125 lbs.	125 lbs.	125 lbs.

	Cylinder 1	Cylinder 2	Cylinder 3	Cylinder 4	Cylinder 5	Cylinder 6
Before	110 lbs.	115 lbs.	95 lbs.	116 lbs.	116 lbs.	123 lbs.
After	122 lbs.	120 lbs.	115 lbs.	123 lbs.	123 lbs.	123 lbs.

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crimes against property. Youngsters with every convenience, every luxury, resort to every crime in the books and then say they did it "for kicks." A police official in a northeastern suburb said, "They'll go out and steal a car with three of their own in the garage."

SUMMERS IN the Detroit suburbs of Bloomfield Hills, Birmingham and Royal Oak have become times of dread for residents and police. Through these communities runs Woodward Avenue, a ten-mile strip that offers a blaze of drive-in restaurants. Teenagers call it Drag City because the traffic lights are spaced a mile apart. On weekend nights the Strip becomes a drag track. Said one resident, "I never use the strip Friday or Saturday nights. You get challenged at dragging, you do get killed." A young dragster said, "Man, on summer nights we come out with a checkered flag."

Managing Editor Grant Howell of the Royal Oak Tribune said: "It's not all good clean fun. A 16-year-old runaway girl who lived in drive-ins for weeks was found dead in a creek. In spite of rewards, nobody came forward with information about her."

Police in these communities say that so far, murder is not one of the crimes that has them concerned. Killings are rare. But they are disturbed over the summertime increases in breaking and entering, stopping, car thefts, drunk driving, shoplifting and brawls. Also noted by police are the increased arrests of teenagers for using LSD, marijuana and glue. An Oakland County Police Captain said that it is no longer unique to find youngsters who have inflicted unbelievable savageries on others. He tells of teenagers who rode around until they picked up a lone hitchhiker and "thumped him." The young man lost an eye. A police sergeant in Bloomfield Hills said, "Kids are just more cruel today."

It is a mistake to believe that cities have not felt the same pressures from young savages. Although the suburbs show sharper rises in all categories of crime, there is much evidence to indicate that urban youngsters are matching their suburban brothers savagery for savagery.

In an effort to understand why the urban young resort to brutalities, Joseph P. Lyford, a professor at the University of California spent six years in Manhattan's Upper West Side, an area which runs from 82nd Street to 106th Street, and

from Central Park West to the Hudson River. Lyford put his findings into a study called, "The Airtight Cage," which was derived from the lack of communal feeling in the area, the suspicion with which people look upon other people, the police locks on doors and the tendency to construct an "airtight cage" around oneself to keep out the community.

His most startling conclusion concerned the "destruction of children" who grow up so crippled that they cease to be human beings. "The children who do survive this tempering process," wrote Lyford, "become adults, but in my neighborhood, an adult is a dead child." He blames adult urbanites here and in every city for being insensitive to the sufferings of what he calls "the dead children." He blames adults for developing a psychic order which he calls "auto-anesthesia."

"The first step in auto-anesthesia," Lyford wrote, "is to turn one's eyes away from the object or the act of cruelty itself. It is not necessary to ignore the object or act completely, but it is necessary to consider it only in the abstract, then the mind, which is naturally intolerant of pain, can erase a great deal of the shock and guilt."

He likened this auto-anesthesia to a condition which existed among "the good Germans" of World War II. It is apparent, too, that had Lyford spent his six years in any suburban community, he might have found the same auto-anesthesia among those adults as well.

BUT THE cities are producing young savages who seem to inflict their worst cruelties during the summer months. The summer of 1965, for instance, was the season of the Molotov cocktail. In McAfee, New Jersey, a man and his dog were turned into flaming torches when teenagers threw a gasoline bomb at them. Fire-bombs tossed by youngsters in Newark, New Jersey completely destroyed two private homes. Eight youths were seized on a New York city rooftop. They had been making Molotov cocktails. Arresting officers said that the teenagers were planning to fire-bomb a precinct. In Brooklyn, New York, a fire-bomb damaged three cabs. In another part of the borough four youngsters hurled bombs at a private home.

At about this time the evil practice spread to the suburbs. A 65-year-old man in Brightwaters, Long Island was severely burned from

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Partial

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through an amusement park, rioted and destroyed property for over three hours before they finally moved on.

More than 100 hot rodders near Maywood, Illinois assembled on a road for a drag race. They had lookouts posted and their radios were capable of monitoring police bands. When Sheriff Richard B. Ogilvie cracked down, his men arrested 125 youths.

Last summer in White Plains, New York a 17-year-old boy and his girl friend were indicted for vehicular homicide while drag racing. Their car smashed into another car and killed a 40-year-old father of five children.

In suburban towns like Bellflower and Paramount, California Saturday nights have come to mean times of terror for anyone who happens to get in the way of teenagers who form a solid train of cars and parade through streets shouting obscenities at pedestrians, tossing beer cans at them and smashing windows. On occasions, girls walking on the sidewalk have been dragged into cars and have been all but raped before they got away. The same practice occurs in Walnut Creek, California. Kids here call it "cruising the creek."

Police in the suburbs of Nashville, Tennessee have adopted a curfew. Parents are often called to the scene of juvenile crime. Sometimes the parents are fined; sometimes they are arrested. In fashionable Belle Meade one summer's night last year, 30 parents were dragged from their beds.

JOSEPH D. LOHMAN, dean of the School of Criminology at the University of California, warns us to face "what is happening in middle class and upper-middle-class America." He tells us that the typical parent's reaction to their youngster's crime reflects all of suburbia's attitude. "They want to be strict as hell on other people's kids," said Lohman, "but when Johnny gets in trouble, 'Don't lay a hand on my kid!'"

Nelson A. Watson of the International Association of Police Chiefs is critical of parents in wealthy communities. "If you could round them up in their country club and sober them up enough, some of them would tell you they didn't care what their kids were doing anyway."

Chief Chamberlain O. W. Wilson of Skokie, Illinois said, "Our people need discipline in the home. Youngsters are growing up as undisciplined members of society. If you

watch how they drive their cars you can see their lack of self-discipline."

Warning signals are offered to suburban parents by Lt. Edward Proctor, commanding officer of the Nassau County Police Juvenile Aid Bureau. "The first thing to look for is a radical change in a youngster's dress and hygiene. If he wants to wear long hair, high-heel boots, tight pants, these are the tip-offs. If his grades go down rapidly, something is wrong. The habitual delinquent usually has a poor record."

Most residents in suburbia and in cities are not interested in causes. They want results. They want to feel secure inside their homes and outside as well. They want the freedom to walk in parks again. They want to drive their cars without fear of being forced off the road by dragsters. They are tired of shrinking from bands of teenagers. They are tired of living behind locked doors in their "airtight cages."

All they want is to have the country returned to them. **END**

HANDSOME MEN

(Continued from page 27)

loins before were new crystallized into an over-powering longing for sexual fulfillment.

FOR BALZAC, the entente with his first mistress set the bizarre pattern of his life. He had been hired as a tutor for the countess's children. Within a matter of weeks he had led the countess, who was then a comely 42 years old up the back steps. This despite the fact that he hadn't reached his nineteenth birthday.

So intense was his ardor that the woman remained faithful to him until the day of her death. She piled him with money, encouraged and helped him with his writing and stood ever-ready to provide as much physical comfort as any man could desire.

And so it went. One woman replaced another in his life. Always they wept over his misfortunes, reveled in his acclaim and found that his very presence in their chambers melted away all feminine resistance.

What is the lesson to be learned from Balzac's prowess? A series of exhaustive interviews with a group of outspoken women gives some vital answers. They tend to show there is more truth than poetry to the *Requiem* and *The Heavies* legend.

Said one air line stewardess, "I've had my share of handsome men. Most of them were either junior executives or professionals. Every one of them represented a disappointment to me."

"One thing about the less attractive male. He's like the Number Two car rental service. He's a tiresome little harder. And that is what gives him the edge over the muscle bound Adonis."

"No girl likes to have her clothes ripped off in the first twenty minutes of a date. She may be as anxious as her partner to hop into bed and do what comes naturally. But she doesn't want to be taken for granted. It makes her feel like a slut."

"Instinctively the less handsome man seems to understand this. He allows time for laughter, for approach, for physical wooing. He doesn't demand. He entreats. From what I know of your friend, Balzac, this was his approach. The Frenchman was willing to wait until conditions were right. Once they were he found himself with a sex slave who lived only to serve him. If more guys were as understanding of women as he was, this would be a nicer world."


Commented a recent divorcee. "I was married to the collar ad type and it was sheer hell. If vanity in a woman is bad, in a man it's a disgrace."

"Let's talk about the sexual side of our marriage since it represents everything that was wrong between us. When the lights are low and a man and woman are in bed to-

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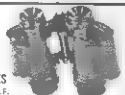
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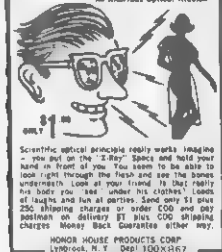


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gether, she is at her most vulnerable. She must feel loved to give her love in turn. Don't forget that sex to a woman is an unison of her entire being. It isn't a sometimes thing the way it is with a man.

"My husband never paid any attention to my needs. To put it bluntly when the urge was on him, he swarmed all over me. He demanded that I do things with him which were against my bringing up. And if I objected, he'd fly into a terrifying rage."

"I recall one night when he beat me for ten minutes with his belt because I refused to indulge in what I considered an aberration."

"Now, do you believe that a man who had any respect for a woman would do such a thing? I'll tell you the trouble with him. From the time he was five years old he'd been rotten spoiled by doting women. First it was his mother and sisters. Then it was the girls he met in school and college. Then it was the women who chased him night and day because he represented a sex symbol to them."

"They were lucky. They lost out to me. I know how it is to feel when a man says to you, 'Come on, you cow, get out of those clothes before I tear them off. I'm in the mood.' You don't think about his looks. You only know that you could see his corpse lying naked in front of you and you wouldn't bat an eye."

AN ADVERTISING copywriter in her mid twenties said, "The couple who sleeps together should also be able to laugh together. Sex should be a fun thing. But the man who concentrates on his physical appearance is inclined to be pompous everywhere—including in bed."

"My most interesting sexual encounters have been with men whom I could tease in a good natured way. To me verbal banter is as much a part of foreplay as having a man caress my breasts or place his tongue in my mouth. Just as I love to have a man strip away the layers of his pretense I find that very difficult to do with the All-American he-man. Sometimes I think he is so afraid of his lack of masculinity that, like a mummy, he wraps himself in winding sheets of pomposity. For a girl like me nothing kills a romance quicker."

On this point it is interesting to note that Balzac had a tremendous ability to poke fun at himself. His biographers talk of his ability to sit up through the night regaling his companions with ribald good humor usually pointed at his own shortcomings.

He was so intense in his warmth of personality that he attracted the unswerving loyalty of men and children as well as that of his mistresses.

A blonde kindergarten teacher stated, "A man should have a poetic nature. To me this is far more important than that his nose be Grecian and his teeth be glistening. Maybe I sound like an idiot, but I like my sex wrapped up with violins, candle light and roses. Yet the average handsome man considers the slickest model good enough. He has no finesse. He's gotten to the point that all sex is a below the waist phenomenon. He doesn't realize how deeply it touches the mind and the emotions. Perhaps that's why your Mon-

sieur Balzac had such a fatal attraction for women."

"He (Balzac) was not afraid to pen beautiful notes to his women. He revealed his innermost self to them in the things he said and the way he said them. How delightful it is to a woman to feel that she has captured a man's mind as well as his organs of procreation. Yet how many handsome men will extend themselves? From my experience, not many."

One of the greatest problems of the handsome lover, according to women polled, is the aging one.

Said a thirty-five-year-old registered nurse: "God help the woman who's hooked up with a pretty boy who starts losing his hair. Or one who's ever-loving's muscles begin turning to flab. She'll sit home gobbling down tranquilizers while he's out trying to prove himself with kids young enough to be his daughters."

"Most of the bottom pinchers I've known have been men in their forties and fifties. They're trying to turn back the tides of time. Medically it can't be done. Emotionally the attempt is devastating."

A man whose whole world is not wrapped up in his physical attractiveness can weather the on-coming of middle age much easier. Perhaps as a means of compensation for his lack of good looks, he has concentrated on more important things. He has spent greater effort in advancing his career. He has accepted his children without considering them a challenge to his security.

"There's plenty of sex left in him. If he's in reasonably good health, he can make his wife happy in bed for another twenty or thirty years. But it's a different kind of sex. It's not the frantic need to make out. It is a little slower, a little calmer and a lot more rewarding for both partners."

By the time a man who takes off in search of new feminine conquests, can't afford to relax. His little Lolita's eyes may be wandering towards someone in her own age group. He grips her in his shaking arms trying to hold her to himself. But in his heart and soul he knows he's doomed to failure. These situations are never pretty to watch.

"This type of man will never stop with one affair. Oh, he'll come crawling home begging for forgiveness when he's tossed out by his current conquest. But he'll be back at the game within a matter of weeks or months. He'll chase until he can't stand."

Honoré de Balzac is considered a literary giant. His works tell the whole twisted and ironic story of the human comedy. Yet perhaps the greatest truth he left behind was that a man's warmth of personality, his ability to communicate, his willingness to serve, his ardent need to be loved and appreciated and to love in return, his keenness of mind, his camaraderie among men, his love for children, his loyalty to friends all make him the dream man to the world's most dazzling beauties.

Anybody who says that a 5'3", 250 pound roly poly with no front teeth can't heat the time of a stuffy Adonis just doesn't know history. And he, the handsome character, may well be the world's loudest lover.

END

JOIN MARCH OF DIMES

1,000 DELIGHTS

(Continued from page 15)

will put Hassim out of business and all of your sisters will be free."

"If I'm caught I will be killed."

"You won't be caught."

"You will keep your promise tomorrow night?"

I met her steady gaze "If you come through for me."

I watched her walk back into the Sheikh's tent camp. Ilica was the first break I'd had. If she returned with a sample of what I suspected Hassim carried, it would be worth it to drive her to Cairo and put her on a plane for the States.

Excessively large amounts of raw heroin were being secreted out of Turkey despite a nation-wide clamp down. All planes leaving Istanbul and Ankara were thoroughly searched. Baggage was opened and inspected. All vehicles were searched at checkpoints. The holds of ships and staterooms were looked into. The only exceptions were the camel caravans of the desert sheiks. Turkish authorities refused to believe that sheiks would indulge in so sordid a business. These men had vast wealth, narcotics investigators were told. Some sheikdoms controlled nearly as much gold as the country itself. It was unthinkable that such rich men would consider running drugs across the deserts.

We were less glib. The heroin traffic was as heavy as always. The method used to get it out of Turkey had stymied.

It was in 1964 Heroin "panics" were occurring in New York, Paris, London and West Berlin. Suppliers in the Near East were frantically trying to get their stuff through the blockades. I was sure they were accomplishing it through the use of camel caravans.

If I could prove that one of these caravans was guilty of smuggling the stuff, the possibility was good that the authorities would be convinced of the need to crack down on all caravans leaving Turkey.

I returned to our desert rendezvous the second night, but Ilica had not learned anything. Now, with the sun rising and the Arabs stirring from their tents, the harem girl tried vainly to hide her nakedness.

The early risers were camel drivers. They grinned toothlessly at Ilica. One said, "Hassim has found a whore among his wives." Another spat in her face. The saliva ran down her cheek. Another extended a dark bony hand to her body. He fondled her breast, then ran his hand over her thigh in about the same way he would if he were examining the flanks of a horse. "She is a healthy one. Too bad she is sentenced to death." He forced her mouth open and peered into it roughly pulling at her cheeks. "Teeth are good." He rubbed her neck and throat, tested her breasts again and finished

up with another examination of her thighs. "Good. Good." He pushed her head to the side. "But a whore. A man can't have a whore for a wife." He walked toward the camels and the others followed.

The treatment Ilica received grew progressively worse as the hot day dragged on. Old hags poked canes at her and called her foul names. Arabs did vile things to her body. She was spat upon and kicked. Everyone who passed by took the opportunity to punish or shame her in some way.

I asked her how long it would continue and her voice was choked with sobs when she said, "Until I am dead."

BEING AN infidel, I was not worthy of anyone's attention. I would die under the blazing sun and my body would be left here for desert scavengers. It would be as though I had never existed.

The harem girls came out of their tent. They looked at Ilica and turned away quickly. I watched them hurry to the oasis spring for water.

I entertained a wild hope that they would give us a drink, but they didn't. I called to them. They disappeared into the tent and closed the flaps.

By late afternoon Ilica hung limply from the pole. The sun had reddened her skin. Her head was thrown back and her face was being baked. Flies skimmed across her body. I knew she was alive only because I saw her eyelids flutter.

I spent my time at the pole working at her ropes around my wrists. At dusk I had my hands free. The sheik entered the harem tent and selected one of the girls to spend the night with him. I waited until the fires died and the Arabs had gone into their tents before I made a move.

As important as it was for me to get Ilica away from here, there were a few things that had to be done first. Like getting water for both of us. And finding a weapon. I slipped away from the pole and sped to the harem tent.

The girls jumped up and hurried to me. I shoved them out of my way. I tilted a goat's skin of water over my mouth and let the cool liquid splash on me.

A girl tugged at my arm. "How is Ilica?"

"Still alive—no thanks to you." I filled a cup and brought it out to her. I fed it slowly. I went back into the tent and grabbed a bottle of oil. I poured it on Ilica and rubbed gently, especially at the tender parts of her breasts and thighs. I gave her more water, then untied her. She sank to the ground. She'd need clothes or a blanket for the drive to 'Aqaba. I went into the tent again and picked up a burnoose and a blanket. This time the harem girls surrounded me.

I glared at them. "Get out of my way." "Ilica is half dead. She is of no use to you."

"I made a deal." They frowned. "What kind of deal?" I shut up. I didn't know how loyal they were to the sheik and I didn't have the time to find out. "Move."

One of them pushed me close. "Take someone else." She pressed her firm breasts against me. "I know more of low than Ilica." Her thighs were tight. Their warmth flooded through to mine. The others crowded in. I felt their hands on me, working their way under my clothes. They began a

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soft chant in my ears. "Take us with you. I leave flica for the sheik."

I shook them off. "What the hell are you doing?"

They would not be rebuffed. They shrugged quickly out of their filmy silk garments as further enticement and closed in again, this time rubbing themselves against me. One threw herself on the floor in front of me and began writhing. "Take me. Take all of us. There are a thousand delights for you."

Another purred, "You will never know what it is to hunger for a woman."

I WAS so stunned by their behavior to react. Their need to escape was as desperate as mine. It was inconceivable to me that escape was so important to them. They were well fed and cared for and not physically abused. I made all of that clear to them. The one on the floor was on her belly now. Her nails dug into the packed sand. "Do you know what it is to be a slave? Do you know what it is to be taken from your family at thirteen and sold on a black to men who probe you as though you were a steer?"

Tears started in her eyes, but she forced them back. "Hassim took me at thirteen. He stripped me in his tent. He took off his robes. I had never seen a man naked. Then he forced himself on me. He ignored my screams. The pain was like a knife, but he wouldn't stop. When it was over he said I had more to learn, and I was sickened by the things he made me do and I wanted to die that night in his tent."

A girl at my right sneered, "He is not impressed. There is a better way. A scream perhaps."

My hand shot to her throat. I squeezed hard. Her eyes widened. She grabbed my wrist. Her face paled and she went to her knees. I spoke to her, but meant what I said for all of them. "You scream and you'll be dead before anybody gets here." I pushed her to the floor and left the tent.

Flica was sitting up, still dazed by her ordeal. I wrapped the blanket around her and picked her up. We had a little luck in that the sky was moonless. But I'd made six new enemies, any one of whom could have the whole camp on my back if she chose to scream. I had to move fast.

We were a hundred yards from the camp when the scream I'd expected finally ripped through the night. I cursed the harem girls. Flica offered to try running, but she was too weak. In a few short minutes I heard men shouting. Then they were close, circling us. I stopped and lowered Flica to the sand. Hassim and the harem girls came toward us out of the darkness. Accusing fingers pointed at us. "He made a deal with her. Hassim. It would be wise for you to find out what it is."

I could have kicked the speaker's pretty teeth in. Sheik Hassim jammed his fists into his hips. "So, the infidel is something more than merely a lover, eh? What is he? What does he want from us?"

I didn't answer. He turned to Flica. "Tell me, little whore, I may spare your life."

Flica's face took on an expression of weariness, as though she'd heard similar lies from Hassim a hundred times before. She said, "Death is escape. I welcome it."

His fist struck her on the cheek. Before I was aware of what I was doing, I leapt at him. I should have guarded against

an attack from the rear. Instead, I was unprepared for the rifle butts that thudded into my neck and back. Someone took a savage swipe at my temple and I blacked out.

WHEN I came to I was treated to the knowledge I'd been looking for, but I knew I'd never have the chance to use it.

Hassim stood over me in the bare tent fondling a white brick of heroin. My first thought was that Flica had cracked.

He tossed the brick in the air and caught it. "I should have guessed your real purpose immediately. Perhaps I grow too complacent."

His slave girls watched me, looking smug and satisfied that Flica and I had failed to get away. I saw Flica. Her eyes told me she had not confessed.

Hassim rambled on about his operation, confident that what he said would not go beyond this room. He finished up with a challenge. "You clever agents would never guess how we transport our cargo." His eyes lighted up. He gloated. He couldn't resist demonstrating his superiority over an infidel. "In the stomach of a camel there is a pocket. To reach it, you anesthetize the animal and make an incision under its belly. Some pockets are large enough to store twenty of these bricks. A caravan such as mine can transport a million dollars worth of heroin."

As he talked I looked at his women. Each of them held a knife.

Their eyes were hard. They seemed to be waiting for an order from Hassim to use their weapons on me.

Sweat broke out all over me.

Hassim said, "I see no reason for further talk."

The girls tightened their grips on their knives. The worst mistake I'd made was to turn down their plea for freedom. I realized that now, but it was too late.

I stood up slowly. My assassins rose and formed a semi-circle around me. I could stop some of them, but not all. And if only one got through it would be enough.

Hassim sneered, "You brought shame to my harem, infidel. It is only fitting that they deal with you."

I backed up to the tent wall. My gaze fell on the girl who had groveled at my feet the night before. "You spoke lies last night. You don't want to escape."

The hardness went out of her eyes. "I spoke the truth," she whispered.

"Then why are you destroying your last chance?"

Hassim was annoyed by the delay. "Kill him!"

The semi-circle tightened. My fists were clenched and ready. I spoke to all of them now. "You lied. You want to rot on the desert."

"Kill him!"

"Think first," I snapped. "I can get you to Cairo. A plane will take you to the States."

Hassim charged through them, a knife raised high above his head. I threw up my arms to protect myself, but the gesture wasn't necessary. I heard a thump. The sheik's back arched. His mouth flew open and blood ran over his lip. The knife fell. He went down, clutching my shirt. I shoved him away from me. The blade in his back had been rammed to its hilt.

I rolled up the rear canvas wall. We went under it and out into the boiling sun. I held Llica's hand. I took the lead, hoping the jeep was still parked where I'd left it.

THE FIRST one hundred yards on the scorching sand was not difficult, but once the women were spread out in an ever-lengthening column. Fatigue had overtaken them quickly. I couldn't wait for them to catch up. The jeep was more than a mile away. If our absence was detected within the next few minutes the chances were good that the camels would catch up to us before we got to it.

I heard three faint shots. My hope was shattered. We couldn't possibly reach the jeep in time.

Llica must have read my thoughts. She squeezed my hand. "We must try."

I nodded. She was right. I made no sense to give up now. We clawed our way up a dune, went over its crest and raced down the other side, our feet sinking deep into the loose sand. Behind us, two more girls dropped out. I saw them lying on the sand, motionless in a dead faint.

The next time I looked behind me I saw camels and riders on the horizon. Seconds later Llica faltered. I wrapped my arm around her waist and propelled her forward. My own legs were columns of pain. My lungs ached. At a time when we could have used a minute or two to rest, we had to push on at a greater speed.

Another girl fell and did not get up. ■ was heart-breaking to see them try so hard for freedom and fail. Yet, there was nothing I could do about it. My own freedom was still in doubt.

The camels were closer now. Their riders started to fire at us. I heard a scream and turned around to see one of the harem slaves drop to her knees, her bosom turning red as blood gushed from it.

More shots followed. We hurried another large dune and rolled to the bottom. The Arabs shouted at us to stop. I turned again and saw the sixth girl running frantically to avoid a camel. The animal was steered into her. I heard the sickening thud and saw her fall under its murderous hooves.

Bullets kicked up sand all around us. Suddenly, the jeep was in front of us. The sight of it renewed our energy. I pushed harder through the soft sand, zig-zagging to make myself a more difficult target. I leapt the last five feet and landed between the front seats.

I dug between them and pulled out a carbine. Two Arabs were already closing in when I twisted around and pulled the trigger six times. One of the riders toppled off the camel. The other rode up for a better shot at me. Two of my bullets split his face.

I gunned the engine. Llica huddled on the floor in back. Three Arabs appeared. I fired at them as I rolled and they fired back, but we were out of range of each other. I picked up speed and didn't stop until we hit Aquaba.

From there we crossed the Gulf of Aquaba and on to Cairo. A plane took us to Paris, where I made my report to Interpol. As a result of it, caravans once full under the searching eyes of narcotics investigators.

As for Llica, I have not heard from her since she rejoined her family in the city of Amman.

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PAY OUR TOLL

(Continued from page 30)

I get a nose-thumbing and some hard words I can't hear through the growling motor.

Jerry Langdon swaggers back to his post. He's got the build of a tank and he's just as tough. I've seen him clean out a bar all by himself.

THE time is 1600 hours—8 March, 1945. The 47th Regimental Combat Team, 78th Division attached to the 9th Armored has already started across the 1204-foot death bridge and they're getting hit with every type of shell the Germans can throw. A lot of our guys aren't making it. Aid station trucks make endless runs to the bridge to pick up the dead and wounded.

A gray, patchy dawn brings more trouble. Messerschmitts. They break through low clouds like a swarm of bees. Their engines throb under the relentless, suicidal drive of their pilots.

Now we know what it means to be afraid. We hold our breath as the planes jockey for position. More than anything else we fear the murderous strafing from the air.

Drivers burrow under their vehicles for safety. GI's on foot drop and make themselves as small as possible. Our 82nd Anti-Aircraft Battalion pocks the sky with ack-ack and a few lurking P-38's swoop through the clouds.

Machine guns chatter. Hot slugs chop into the steel and stone structure... and into the guys curled up. I hear them scream. Kraut artillery barrages step up to a nerve-shattering frequency. Periods of flak punctuate the clouds but the ME-110's sound low, release their bursts and zoom up... just as though we're not throwing anything at them at all.

From my prone position I squeeze off short blasts from my burp gun. Jerry Langdon pops away at the planes with his .45 and some line men fire M-1s and BARs. But we're too scared to aim. We're shooting into the air and hoping we get lucky.

The Luftwaffe completes their first pass. The second time around our flak drops two into the Rhine and three more go into spins after messing with two P-38s.

A jeep close behind me takes three slugs from an ME-110 and flares up. It's empty. The GI under it scampers out and away like he's come nose to nose with a rattler. I can feel the heat from the flames. I try to wriggle away from the burning jeep but a guy next to me moans and I stop.

He's on his belly, arms outstretched. At first glance you'd think he's relaxed. But his hands tell you he's suffering. His fingers snap open and close slowly, whitening with tension.

He's been hit between the shoulder blades. I'm so close to him I can hear his frantic gasps for air. I pull the jacket and shirt away from the wound and put my fingers into the material and tear it apart. Blood gushes out. Gauze from my aid packet comes in handy. I press it down hard on the wide hole.

"Medic!"

The nearest GI is staring at my red-stained fingers. I wave to him.

He shakes his head. "That jeep's gonna blow any minute. I'll stay here."

He's right. Once the flames lick the gas tank I can forget about trying to stop the flow of blood out of the guy's back. "Toss me your packet."

I don't need it. Blood has stopped flowing because the soldier is dead.

Remembering what's behind me, I roll fast. The explosion hurls liquid fire like a Fourth of July display. Spits of flame light on the backs of GI's who don't even know they're on fire. Some of them are quick to smell the burning cloth. They roll over and over until the fire is snuffed out. Others are not so fortunate.

Two buck sergeants from the 9th Armored see what's happening and get to their feet, ignoring the biting slugs from the Kraut planes. Only a miracle keeps them from getting hit as they pounce from dogface to dogface, smothering sizzling flesh with their own bodies. Their hands are blackened and raw from slapping out flames from their own clothing.

A truck from an aid station screeches to a stop near the ruined jeep. At that instant a 20-millimeter shell bursts at its tailgate. The medics inside scramble out. They're not hurt, only scared. As who wouldn't be? But they recover quickly and start loading the dead and wounded.

Two more Luftwaffe pilots drop into the drink. Our P-38s and the ack-ack frighten off the others. They'll be back. We can be sure of that.

UP at the approach four engineers are walking to the twin towers on the bridge. You have to admire guts like that. They've been handling Kraut-planted TNT charges all night. They get in where the I-beams are and cut the wires, then lift the charge out and carry it back where it can be detonated safely. All this while the enemy artillery is trying to blow them up as well as the Ludendorff.

Suddenly, my jaw goes slack. I'm watching them at the instant a shell makes an impact directly in front of one of the engineers. His arms come off. The rest of him sort of collapses like a house of cards. The other three lay sprawled on the ground in pools of blood.

McCullough turns to the GIs in the ditches. Steely eyes penetrate the white faces sticking up out of the dirt. "I want a couple of volunteers." He keeps his arm high so they can see his three stripes.

A dogface sits up, rests his arm on the lip of the ditch so McCullough can see his three stripes. "That's the medics' job."

"You coming?" He makes it sound like a challenge, but the sergeant in the ditch doesn't bite. He says, "Go to hell, M.P."

I swing back into the jump seat. "Let's go, Sergeant." I don't call him anything else; neither does anyone in the platoon call him anything but Sergeant.

His eyes are colder than ever. Damn, he gives you the chills. You can't tell what he's thinking. "You played hero enough for one day. Get out!"

I don't argue. I get out of the jeep and watch him take off for the wounded engineers. Two 88s drop close but he uses the jeep itself for protection by crouching on the side away from the bursts.


Then he's back, driving like hell to the aid station. He mouths something foul at the sergeant in the ditch, only glances my way with a look of contempt on his face.

I don't get it. I think about what he said to me. I don't do anything to be heroic. I'm not bucking for his stripes or anybody else's. I give up trying to figure him out. If he's that way at home with his wife and kid they must be glad he's fighting a war.

An hour later Jerry Langdon joins me at the mess area, a puzzled frown on his face. "McCullough pulled me off the bridge. No reason. Not that I'm sorry, but he didn't say why."

We eat, then sleep in a hole while the 1st Division rolls by. We sleep despite the nerve-shattering shelling and the grinding of brakes and

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shouting of scared men. It's dark when our provost marshal nudges us awake. He gives us that big personality grin of his and we know he wants us for a dirty job.

"How'd you like to go duck hunting?" That's the way Edward Murphy talks. Always in circles. We don't have the faintest idea what he's got on his mind, but we're in no position to refuse.

Ten minutes later we're stretched out on the west bank of the Rhine. The ground is damp and cold. Above us the bridge stands out against the black sky like a huge skeleton. The shelling is not as intense now, but the Krauts send over enough to let us know they're still around.

The provost marshal is between Jerry and me. I hear Jerry whisper, "Frog men?"

"The best. Trained by Count Otto Skorzeny. G2 says we can expect infiltration."

Murphy has a pencil-sized flashlight, a tommy gun and field glasses. His eyes are level with the surface of the water, or almost. He alternates between naked sight and the glasses and never stops his vigil.

The river is slow moving, quiet. Ripples sound like far-away breakings of paper-thin glass. Funny I should think of things like that. Breaking glass. I'm cold, tired and hungry, and annoyed with Murphy for picking me for this stupid job. Maybe it's my nerves . . . breaking. So much noise all day, now nothing. No more Kraut shells. I don't miss them. But the silence seems worse.

Murphy's flashlight clicks on and off fast. Then powerful floods destroy the darkness. The water is bathed in their bright, artificial light and it's like turning over a big rock to see the crawling things underneath it.

There must be fifty to a hundred Kraut heads bobbing in the water. Behind them are fabric bags filled with high explosives.

FOR two seconds nothing happens. We are as stunned as the Krauts. Machine gun chatter from the opposite shore kills the silence . . . and also a lot of the underwater demolition swimmers. Murphy sprays the divers closest to us, then Jerry and I open up.

My burp gun covers a lot of water in its deadly blasts. Slugs spill out of it so fast that one diver takes three in the head and rolls over on his belly. Water fountains made by thousands of bullets shoot up all over the river. One of the fabric

bags is hit. Concussion from the explosion accounts for the deaths of more divers, maybe twenty. You see them stiffen up in the water, their eyes popping just before they sink out of sight.

Others are screaming in pain and struggling to free themselves of their oxygen tanks. Some make it to the opposite shore, where they are taken prisoner. Others simply drown.

We stop them cold. Not one has a chance to accomplish what he set out to do. Murphy slaps me on the arm. "Let's go."

"Look out, Dave!" That's Jerry. I hear his 45 clicking crazily, see it sail over my head. I spin around in time to meet two dripping wet Krauts rushing me. Both have knives.

I don't have time to raise my burp gun. One diver drops on me screaming, "Schweinhund!" The impact knocks the wind out of me. His blade flashes over his head. I shift my body and the knife sinks into the damp ground. At the same time I draw my knee up between his legs and hear the dull squish of his loins being mashed. He grunts into my face, then blacks out.

I use his own knife to finish him off and leave it sticking out of his throat because two more Krauts are racing towards us. I raise my gun and chop down both.

I'm breathing hard. I stare at the dead German with the knife in his throat. He's wearing bathing trunks. His skin is blue with cold. He could have been a POW. He didn't have to die for a cause that is already gasping its last breath.

I get a creepy feeling deep inside. This is my first hand-to-hand fight. I won the fight, but I'm really scared now. The war has been brought right up to my two bare hands and has become a personal thing between me and a dead German lying two feet away from me.

The war is too close. I stare at the other two, their bodies full of blood, and twisted like pretzels, and as dead as they'll ever be because this time I was quicker. It's too close. I like it better when the enemy is represented by tiny figures on a distant hill.

I roll over on the ground and get sick.

Jerry Langdon is big and strong and tough, but at the moment he looks green. He was that color all the way over on the ship. Murphy taps us both. "Let's make it fast."

I don't see why, but obey without question. Fifty yards off the bank of the river I understand. Kraut shells pour into our former

position. They try to destroy the floodlights as well.

At dawn we start another day of maintaining control of the bridge. Murphy has lost so many of us that he calls for twenty-five men from each regiment of the 9th Division, the outfit to which we are attached. Day after day we stand out there without cover, taking constant shelling as the 9th, 1st and 99th Divisions flood their men and machinery across the bridge. On two occasions the desperate Krauts send us a couple of V-2's, but luckily they miss.

After awhile you wonder what kind of construction went into the making of the Ludendorff. Eight days of shelling and she still stands up.

I'm on my way to the approach when I see a familiar face staring up at a bottle of plasma. It's Sergeant Mike McCullough. He's on a stretcher and covered with a blanket. His pants are to one side, all ripped apart and bloody. I kneel beside him. "Hello, Mike."

His eyes flicker. He smiles as though he's pleased. But a fresh wave of pain makes him cringe. The medic attending him gives me the "thumbs down" sign and I feel my chest pounding. Any dislike I had for McCullough is wiped off right here.

He snorts at me. "You and Langdon need your heads examined . . . grandstanding . . . How the hell do you guys think you're going to hit a plane with a burp gun and an army .45?"

I smile at him, thinking about the way he brought in those wounded engineers.

His head rolls once, comes back to me. "Get that crap out of your mind. Don't take any chances. you don't have to. . . . Let the other slob be the heroes."

His wallet is near his pants and all the nonsense papers we carry around with us are strewn over the ground. All except one. He holds a picture of his wife and kid inside his fist . . . and I watch that fist draw in tight as death comes in one final burst of agonized pain. . . .

On March 17 we leave the bridge behind us. We stand for a moment on Flak Hill watching a few engineers crawling over the majestic monster, and in that moment she suddenly collapses. Her middle portion simply drops into the water. And in keeping with the blood that was spilled because of her, she takes eight men down with her. . . .



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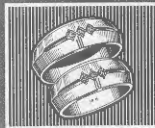
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Unthinking men may tell you that the day is past when an individual can build a successful business of his own. The fact is that Franchising has opened a wonderful new world of opportunity for such men. The "mama and papa" grocery store, and the corner druggist have succumbed to the gigantic chains. But, in their place an exciting new kind of business abounds with big profit opportunities for the individual.

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What is the difference? Just this: A chain is a large number of stores in a chain all operating under the same plan; under the same well-known name; but are owned by one corporation. In Franchising, the individual uses tested and proven plans for starting his business and building it; he operates under a Nationally Advertised and well-known name, he has step by step guidance but he owns the business. He enjoys the advantages of chain recognition, but he keeps all the net profits for himself.

The Duraclean Franchise is such a business. No store to rent. No fixtures to buy. No inventory or stock of goods to pay for. No office or work-room required. And, no special education or experience is needed for success. Men of almost every educational level have made glowing successes with the "know-how" furnished by our Company. They've worked from their homes as all Duraclean Service is given on the premises of the cus-

tomers. In the beginning they've used the family car as all equipment can be carried in the trunk. Their only investment has been a cash outlay of less than a \$1000.

What is Duraclean Service. It is a modern method of cleaning and *reviving color and resilience* of carpets, rugs, upholstered furniture and auto interiors—a method that has almost unbelievable superiority over the old way of harsh scrubbing with water, strong detergents, and power driven brushes. Tests made by an independent laboratory show that the Duraclean "Absorption Method" removes twice as much dirt and soil removed by machine scrubbing. And, the carpets and upholstery are dry and ready to use a few hours after cleaning. In addition to cleaning and reviving, you have five other equally superior services to increase profits. The improved Duraclean process has proved so superior that Duraclean Services are now available through a world wide organization.

Who are the customers? The finest homes in your community, yes. But, of equal importance hotels, motels, schools, shops, stores, offices, theaters, hospitals, and institutions. The commercial business is big and because much of this work can be done evenings or Saturdays, many men have started in spare time without giving up their jobs or pay checks. When they have seen from actual experience that Duraclean could pay them many times their former salaries, they have resigned the old job and become independent businessmen—with all the added respect and standing that a businessman has in his community.

If you've ever had a really strong desire to "some day own your own business" the Duraclean Franchise is well worth investi-

gating. We have no salesmen to try to influence you. The entire Duraclean Opportunity is explained in detail in a 24-page book. This book will be mailed free to any man sincerely interested in a future of security and independence. Just your name and address is all that's needed. Send it today. After reading all the facts, if you decide to take the next step, you can write again and let us know.

We'll help you with financing, with training, with equipment, and with all our years of experience in showing other men how to make their dreams become realities. To investigate costs nothing and does not place you under the slightest obligation. Is this something you should do for yourself? Today?

Frank Mann
 President

DURACLEAN INTERNATIONAL
 0-797 Duraclean Bldg. Deerfield, Ill. 60015

For More, President, DURACLEAN INTERNATIONAL
 0-797 Duraclean Building, Deerfield, Illinois 60015

Please mail details of the Duraclean Franchise opportunity. I will read your 24 page book. Then if I am interested I'll let you know. It is understood that I am not under any obligation and that no salesman will call to influence my decision.

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